

1913

PHILANTHROPISTS'
NUMBER

LIFE

PRICE 10 CENTS

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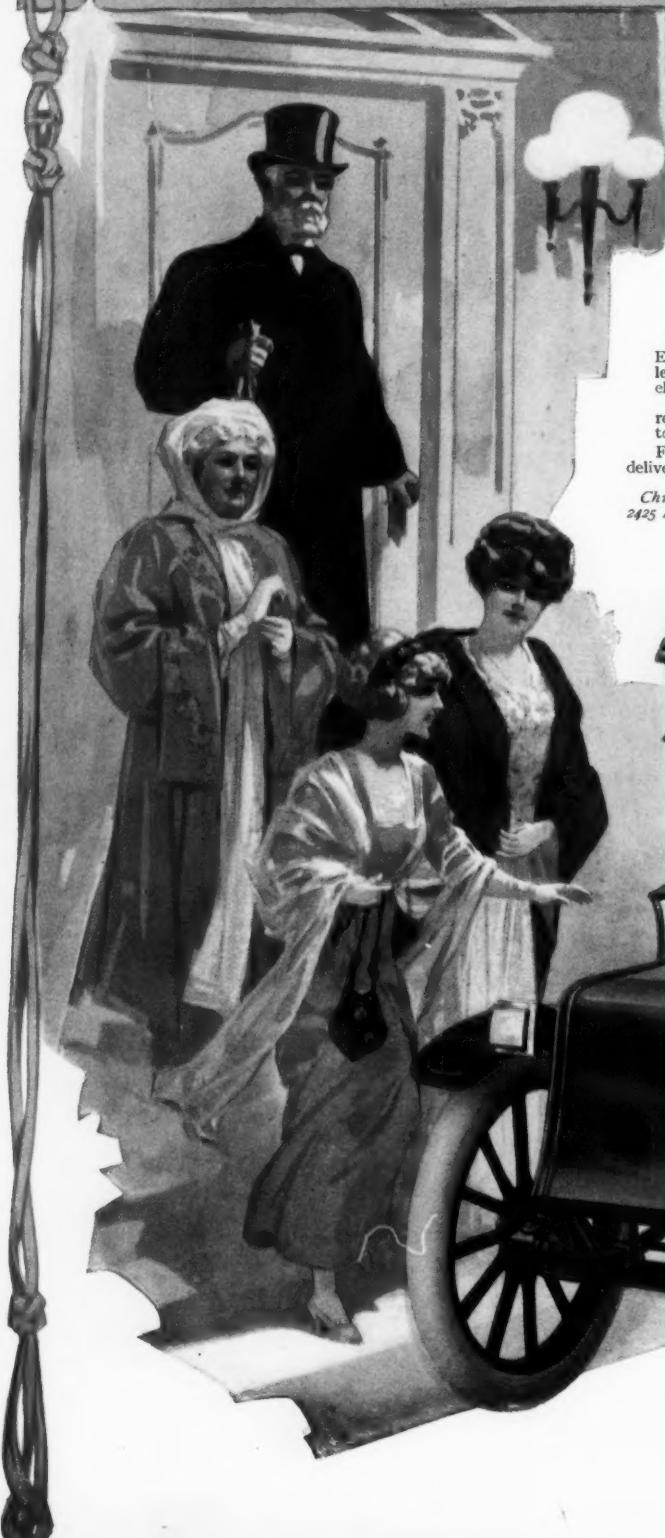
UNIVERSITY CLUB

The Breadline



"SAY, YEA! THE LINE FORMS BACK DERE!"

THE Waverley SILENT Electric



Low Hung Body—Low Set Chairs Amazing Easy Riding

Here is an electric that is a full six inches lower than any other high grade electric—

Which is swung on full elliptic springs, resulting in a cradle-like ease of riding which no other car can rival.

Low-set, spacious pullman chairs, one for every passenger, insure you against crowding and allow of comfortable relaxation.

While the driver has full view ahead from the old time, sociable left-hand rear seat.

Rear Drive
Four Chairs
Cozy Corner



Patents Pending

The Silent Waverley Limousine-Four

This combination of low-hung body and full Elliptic springs is an exclusive feature of Waverley patented drop sill construction—no other electric offers it.

No battery boxes underneath the seats—we regulate height for the comfort of the riders, not to accommodate mechanism.

Free on request, as is our Commercial Vehicle delivery wagon to a 5-ton truck. Address

Chicago Branch
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THE WAVERLEY COMPANY
190 South East St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Battery equipment insures speed and mileage that are both greater than city drivers ever require.

The Silent Waverley Electric Year Book, now ready for distribution, illustrates and describes the Limousine-Four in detail, with the entire Waverley pleasure car line.

Catalog, showing models ranging from a light

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40 Cells
Lead Battery
Iron Clad or 60 Cells
Edison Extra

Locomobile



Monterey Bay

Locomobile Lighting and Starting

A book we have published under the title of "Locomobile Lighting and Starting" tells you of the electrical superiority of the Locomobile. This is sent on request. It shows you that the *combination* of the electric motor starter and the electric lighting system, used on the Locomobile, presents to the buyer a series of attractive features not to be had in any other motor car.

The Locomobile Electric Motor Starter is the simplest and most powerful one in use. It rotates the motor even if it stops on dead center. It works every time. Operates most quietly. Turns over the Locomobile six cylinder engine from 70 to 80 revolutions per minute for a longer time than any other system. It is the best installed system in use, and this is one of the most important considerations of all.

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The Locomobile Electric Lighting System gives most light. Always works. Consumes least power. Provides most light at lowest speed. Most efficient regardless of cost. Every detail worked out in the best way known. Costs far more than other systems and is the only installation of its kind.

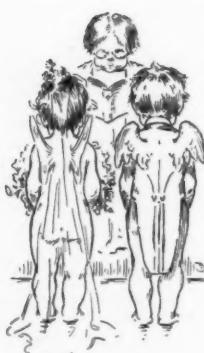
In writing for "Locomobile Lighting and Starting" ask also for the 1913 Locomobile Book.

The Locomobile Sixes for 1913 combine the most wonderful equipment, the most beautiful lines and the finest chassis ever offered.

Prices of Little Six models from \$4400 up. Prices of Big Six models from \$5100 up.

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New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia,
Pittsburgh, Washington, St. Louis, Baltimore,
Atlanta, Minneapolis, San Francisco,
Los Angeles, Oakland



Sh—!

It's coming. Already its baleful shadow is creeping over the land. We did not dare issue a Humorous Number. But on March 27, the Awful Number will be with you—B-r-r !

The
Valentine Number

of

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Next
Week

Enclosed find
One Dollar
(Canadian \$1.13,
Foreign \$1.26).
Send LIFE for
three months to

This is a Special Offer—Three Months for One Dollar

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LIFE, 17 West 31, New York

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5. 52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)



"BUT, MY DEAR MADAM, THERE'S NO USE CONSULTING ME ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND. I'M A HORSE DOCTOR."
"THAT'S WHY I CAME TO YOU. HE'S A CHRONIC KICKER."

The Recall of Judges

If we had a king in this country the matter of the recall of judges could be easily disposed of. In that case it would make no difference whether they could be recalled or not. But we have no king and we must have some body of men whom, for some mystical reason, we can reverence, whose feet are planted in infallibility and whose heads are above the clouds beyond the view of ordinary people. There must be some one on the map who, by general agreement, can do no wrong, whose fiat is an irrevocable ultimatum and to be in contempt of whom is the deadliest

See Switzerland



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For 10c. postage our Information Bureau in New York will send you "Travel Suggestions," a collection of illustrated booklets, maps, etc., containing some very useful information. Enables you to easily plan a delightful holiday in this Wonderful Land of Lakes and Alps.

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Particular attention is given to the enlarging and improving of necklaces.

Prices never higher than prevail elsewhere for equal quality.

5TH AVENUE AND 47TH STREET
NEW YORK

Established 1862

of sins. Judges come the nearest to filling that bill in the American Republic. Let us not whittle away at their pedestal. Let us rather build about them an impenetrable barrier which shall be proof against the advance of thought, the progress of science and the needs of a democracy which is becoming dangerously overeducated.

Only in this way can we preserve things forever in that blissful state in which the powers-that-be desire them.

E. O. J.

Hoodooed

Graham B. Nichol, who, being the best poker player in the national capital, plays with some of Washington's biggest and richest men, was being told one morning of a game the evening before when a stranger had lost an immense sum of money.

"That's always my luck!" lamented Nichol. "Whenever there's a lot of soup around, I'm about twelve blocks away with a fork in my hand."

—Argonaut.

LIFE



Reduce or Increase Your Weight —Perfect Your Figure

Become my pupil and I will make you my friend. Devote fifteen minutes daily to my system and you can weigh what Nature intended. You can reduce any part of your figure burdened with superfluous flesh or build up any part that is undeveloped. The effect of my system can be concentrated on your hips, waist, limbs or any other portions of your body.

My system tends to make a figure perfectly proportioned throughout—a full, rounded neck; shapely shoulders, arms and legs; a fine, fresh complexion; good carriage with erect poise and grace of movement.

You Can Improve Your Health

My system stimulates, reorganizes and regenerates the entire body. It helps transform the food into good rich blood. It strengthens your heart, lungs and other organs, benefiting all weaknesses and disorders, and generating vital force.

My latest book, "The Body Beautiful," should be read by every woman and I will send it to you free. It explodes the fallacy that lack of beauty or health cannot be avoided. In it I explain how every woman can be VIGOROUS, HEALTHY and ATTRACTIVE.

I have practised what I teach. In childhood I was puny and deformed, I have overcome all weaknesses by my own natural drugless methods. Millions of people have seen in me a living demonstration of my unique system of health culture and body building. If you are weak, nervous, fat, thin, unshapely, tired, lacking vitality or in any other respect not at your very best, I can surely be of service to you.

My Guarantee

With my free book, "The Body Beautiful," which is fully illustrated with photographs of myself explaining my system, I give full particulars of my Guarantee Trial Plan, whereby you can test the value of my instruction without risking a single penny.

Send two-cent stamp for "The Body Beautiful" and Trial Plan to-day.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN
Suite 902L
12 W. 31st Street, New York

'Twas the Day After Christmas

The king was in his counting house counting up his money.

"Here is the bill for my wife's Christmas present to me," he snorted.

Herewith we understand why the queen discreetly remained in the kitchen eating bread and honey.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An Unenlightened French Woman

Madame Simone, the French actress, recently said in speaking of American styles:

"I am surprised to know that they exist."

Does Madame Simone suppose for an instant that we are spending our money for nothing? Does Madame Simone have any idea how much American women spend a year for clothes? It has been stated that ninety per cent. of everything that is bought in this country is bought by women. A large proportion of what is bought are the clothes which women wear. If, therefore, there is no such thing as an American style, when Americans are spending so much more money on their clothes than any other nation, it is an extremely interesting and illuminating thought, and yet is it so inconsistent as it seems upon the surface?

For example, Americans spend millions and millions of dollars upon architecture, but can it be said that there is such a thing as American architecture? Is not everything that we build modeled upon ancient forms, or at least upon decadent forms of ancient models?

Americans spend millions of dollars a year upon literature, and yet can it be said that there is such a thing as American literature?

Is it not true that the more money which is spent upon a particular object, the less that object is a really spontaneous human creation? If American women had less money to spend upon their clothes, would they not, in the course of time, be able to create an individual style of their own? And is this not true as to other things?

The Quotations Used Most

Favorites from Ten Great Writers Shown by an English Vote

The vote of the people as to the most hard worked quotations from (1) Shakespeare, (2) Milton, (3) Dryden, (4) Pope, (5) Cowper, (6) Campbell, (7) Byron, (8) Shelley, (9) Wordsworth, (10) Tennyson, has resulted as follows:

- (1) To be or not to be.
- (2) They also serve who only stand and wait.
- (3) None but the brave deserves the fair.



ALWAYS oil the delicate mechanisms of your Victrola or Grafanola with 3-in-One. Then you'll hear the faintest, finest musical phrasings—flutter of angels' wings, whispers of pines in the velvet dusk.

Pure, light 3-in-One makes every action part work smoothly and noiselessly, prevents irritating scratches and squeaks, lubricates the motor just right, keeps the dust off the disc records. 3-in-One cleans and polishes the beautiful wood work and prevents rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces.

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Sold everywhere in 3-size bottles: 1 oz. 10c.; 3 oz. 25c.; 8 oz. 50c. Also in Handy Oil Can, 3½ oz. 25c. If your dealer hasn't this can, we'll send you one full of 3-in-One, prepaid, for 30c. in stamps.

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42 E E G Broadway New York City

(4) A little learning is a dangerous thing.

(5) The cups that cheer but not inebriate.

(6) Distance lends enchantment to the view.

(7) Truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.

(8) Hail to thee, blithe spirit.

(9) We are seven.

(10) 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

We think these hard-worked quotations have a right to at least an eight-hour day.—*London Truth*.

EMPLOYEE: I would like more salary. I am going to get married.

EMPLOYER: Sorry, but I'll have to reduce it. I am going to get married myself.—*Sydney Post*.

For Winter chapping of FACE and HANDS CREAM

HINDS Honey and Almond Cream

Relieves at once, quickly heals, makes clear, velvety skin. Complexions are greatly improved by its use. Endorsed by refined women. Soothes infants' skin troubles. Men who shave prefer it. Is not greasy; cannot grow hair; is absolutely harmless. At all dealers. Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube.

Hinds Cold Cream in tubes 25c

50c

"Everybody's eating them"

Eating what?

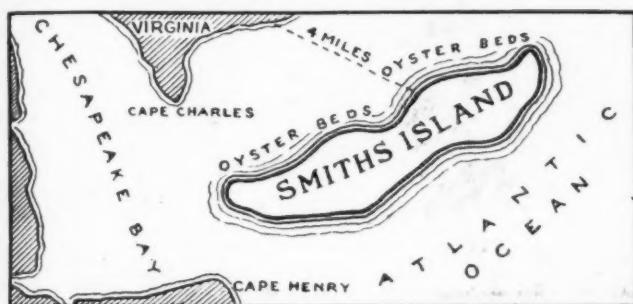
Smith's Island Oysters

Why?

**Because of their delicious salty flavor
and absolute purity**

Look!

See where they come from!



At all first class Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants

SMITH'S ISLAND OYSTER CO., 21 So. William St., New York City
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"THIS LADY'S WITH ME"



The Appropriate Beverage —
Welch's Grape Juice
"The National Drink"

Welch's gives a desirable touch of cheerful hospitality to the formal and informal social affairs of Winter time. It may be served either plain or in punches and other delicious drinks.

Welch's is now relied upon by thousands of women who face the problems of entertaining. You should keep a supply in the house. It is always ready to serve, and everybody enjoys drinking it.

From Our Free Book of Recipes for Drinks and Desserts
Sent on request

WELCH PUNCH—One pint of Welch's, one quart plain or charged water, juice of three lemons and one orange, and one cup of sugar. Mix and serve very cold.

*Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—
Say Welch's—and GET IT!*

If unable to obtain Welch's of your dealer we will send a trial dozen pints for \$3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-oz. bottle, mailed, 10c. Order a supply now.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
Westfield, N. Y.

•LIFE•



The tire for you is the one that you can put on and forget.

Kelly-Springfield Tires

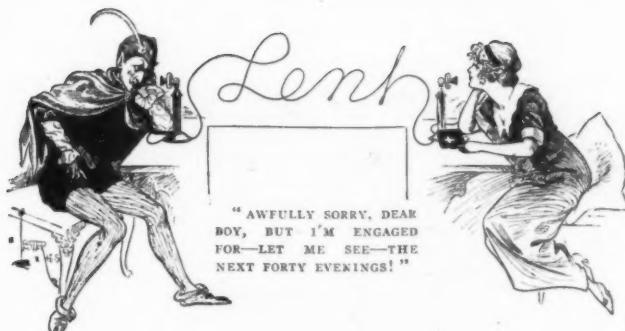
frequently run along on cars unnoticed for 8,000 miles or so.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O., Buffalo

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, O.
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

Southern Hardware & Woodstock Co. Ltd., New Orleans, La.
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
Savell Davis Rubber Works, Augusta and Savannah, Ga.
C. D. I ranke & Co., Charleston, S. C.



A Blank Verse

(Five letters, in various arrangements, will correctly fill each space.)

WHEN cares like —— my patience test,
 'Tis then I find old friends are best.
 I seek old —— to cheer my sight,
 It's —— are always a delight.
 The night —— by with laughter sped,
 And I'd as —— not go to bed.

Constance Johnson.

He Doesn't Know

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, the celebrated scientist, in a recent interview, as reported in the *New York Times*, said:

I have come to the general conclusion that there has been no advance either in intellect or morals from the days of the earliest Egyptians and Syrians down to the *teil* laying of the latest dreadnaught.

Isn't Dr. Wallace's dark view of things due entirely to the fact that he has never lived in New York? He has never attended a directors' meeting of the United States Steel Company. He has never been present at an authors' reading at the Waldorf. He has never interviewed Mayor Gaynor, or read regularly Mr. Arthur Brisbane's editorials in the *New York Journal*. He has never been privileged to talk on Literature, Art, Science or Philosophy with a member of the New York Stock Exchange, read the contributory book reviews in the *Outlook*, or discussed sociology with a suffragette.

Poor deluded Dr. Wallace!

MISERY loves miserable company.



A PHILANTHROPIST IN THE MAKING



FEBRUARY 6, 1913

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 61
No. 1580

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Cannon House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

PERSONS who are still capable of agitation have had an opportunity this last fortnight to agitate themselves about the subway contracts in New York. That matter seemed to be settled some months ago, but the election of Governor Sulzer and the approaching expiration of the term of office of Chairman Willcox of the Public Utilities Commission, have afforded a chance to run it into the newspaper headlines again, and there it has been for some weeks past. For our part we are not included among the half-dozen persons in New York who know the merits of this large case, but we have been able, exercising the ordinary intelligence that is expected of an observant voter, to repose a considerable confidence in Mr. McAneny and his supporters, and to believe that the bargain they finally drove for the city would be, when perfected by their further labors, as good a bargain as the city could get.

To upset this view and this bargain has arisen chiefly Mr. Hearst, with immense clamors and spread of ink. Our observation has been this long time, that a large part of what Mr. Hearst's papers say on any subject in which Mr. Hearst takes a lively interest is not so. But the *World* is vociferous on the same side as the Hearst papers, and that not only adds to noise, but to uncertainty. Like as not by the time this number of *LIFE* is out the fuss will all be over, but while it lasts it is full of pulls and plots, of rivalries, grabs and tests of power—Hearst trying out Sul-

zer, Willcox considerably thoughtful, no doubt, about Willcox, the *World* naturally desirous to be counted on the people's side, especially when it vexes the House of Morgan, Tammany behind every chair and under the table and Sulzer scanning his cards and considering how to take the pot.

Sulzer is still very interesting; Governor of New York a whole month now and nobody's man yet but Sulzer's. We have had Governors as to whom the main question was, "Who will get him first?" but the uncertainty about Governor Sulzer is very much more varied than that. He is not all fish to be caught. He is handy with a rod and line himself and understands bait, and we do not look to see him caught this time.



ALONG of the Canal Rates bill and the British protest, Mr. Knox has written a pleasant response to the deprecations of Sir Edward Grey, saying that nothing has happened yet, or is likely to happen, even if the canal opens, with the law as it is and the tolls as President Taft has announced them, that will damage or should grieve England at all, or that seems necessarily in conflict with her interpretation of the treaties as Sir Edward has indicated it. And he hopes that present disparities of view between our Government and King George's can be reconciled by

conference, and thinks that arbitration should be deferred until there is some real basis of complaint.

Mr. Knox has done a very nice piece, which Sir Edward must have enjoyed. He is so polite and Sir Edward is so polite and the matter at issue seems so insignificant, that it seems as if it might all melt away in exchanges of this sort, and nobody know the difference. But this is Mr. Knox's last month in office, and it is quite possible that Brother Bill Bryan will succeed him, and if so, we shall expect no more of these pleasant formal communications, for Brother Bryan's best tool is the living speech, and his way—who can doubt?—will be to have his telephone connected with the cable and talk these matters over in a truly democratic way with our friends abroad.

But somehow this canal rates matter should be settled to the reasonable satisfaction of the neighbors. To say, as Senator O'Gorman does, that it is a domestic question, seems like assertion that settles nothing. What we want to do for our coastwise ships is very likely foolish, but if it is worth doing at all, it can be done by means that no one could pretend were a violation of treaties. Brother Bryan's long distance telephone bills will run up considerably on us if he has to talk these matters all over with King George. If we can clean the job up this month it will make quite a saving.



WE have received, with due appreciation, the copy of resolutions voted to be sent to us by the Kentucky Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, deprecating the opinion lately expressed by this paper that, ordinarily, it is a mistake to use compulsion to exact from civilians a prescribed attitude of respect towards the United States flag.

We are flattered that our friends in Louisville, our good friend R. C. Ballard Thurston, president; our honored comrade, James Guthrie Caldwell, secretary, and the other Sons, should care so much about our opinions and take so much trouble to set them straight. It is kind of them and we are gratified.



R. Crumb

"BUT, MY DEAR, YOU SAY YOU MANAGE TO LIVE ON \$20 A WEEK!"

"YES, AND IT'S SO SIMPLE; YOU SEE WE PAY ONLY \$50 A WEEK FOR RENT; MEALS WE HAVE FOUND AVERAGE \$60; CLOTHES FOR BOTH \$50 A WEEK, AND WE ALLOW OURSELVES \$20 A WEEK FOR TAXICABS AND THEATRES."

"WHY, MY DEAR, HOW YOU TALK! THAT MAKES \$200."

"OH, YES, BUT EVERYBODY LIVES A LITTLE BEYOND HIS INCOME IN THE CITY, YOU KNOW."

About the flag, maybe our feeling, which seems to differ a little from theirs, is based on a different experience. To be sure, we are only in our second half-century of acquaintance with the flag, and have known it chiefly here in New York State, but in that time, which includes a period long antedating all prescribed flag attitudes, whether voluntary or compulsory, we never saw the flag treated with disrespect, and do not recall ever to have known anybody who had any disposition so to treat it.

Of course, in Louisville it may not be so. Our friends there may observe a disposition to flout the flag, or their memories may include times when such a disposition was prevalent, and so their feeling about the importance of compulsory flag ceremonies for civilians may differ warrantably from ours, and it is profitable no doubt for us to get their view.

We acknowledge also receipt from them of a copy of an editorial from the *Louisville Herald* of January 17, which seems to have inspired their

resolutions, and to which, by referring to it and sending it to us, they seem to have given their endorsement. This piece, garbling our words, speaks of them as suitable to come out of "a city un-Americanly American, whose lust for greed (a curious form of lust) seems to be strangling love of country." It accuses our militia regiments of cowardice, and thanks heaven "that in broad America there are twenty times the millions of this Eastern flesh-pot who" have different views from those expressed by *LIFE*.

Now are these really sentiments which the Sons of the American Revolution of Kentucky wish, officially, to bring to our notice as sentiments that they applaud? We beg respectfully to offer them to the notice of the Sons of the American Revolution in New York.



THE disposition to spit at New York, thus illustrated by the *Louisville Herald*, is curiously prevalent throughout the West. It is based, we believe, on ignorance and dislike of the cash register. In the course of business a great deal of the country's money flows in and out of this town, for no other reason than it makes for the convenience of the country that it should do so. The laws of the country, not made here, admit upwards of a million assorted immigrants to this port every year. Perhaps a tenth of them, including some of the least desirable, stick here, and have to pass through the first process of Americanization in this city. New York schools their children at great cost, finds them employment, and deals with them the best it can. For its assumption of this duty—a duty forced upon it—it gets credit from the *Louisville Herald* and its like for being "homogeneously made up of the foreign element."

Well, it's all in the day's work, and probably it does not matter much, but it is a curious thing that whereas most countries seem to be rather proud of their metropolis, the country that has made New York a great city has seldom anything but bad words for the work of its own hands.

Gasoline



IN a hundred proud garages
Where the menials give massages
To the autos standing idly in a row—
In the bosom of each voter
Who presumes to own a motor
There is Anger, there is Anguish, there is Woe.

Oh, it's shocking and surprising
How Petroleum is rising
And the wallets that had bulges now have dents;
And if Gasoline goes higher
We'll no longer curb our ire,
For it's selling now at three-and-twenty cents!

By nefarious devices
They increased the butcher's prices,
Which, we held, was really going pretty far;
But it's simply past forgiving
When they raise the Cost-of-Living
To the Gentleman who has to have a Car!

What's the good of Long Wheel-bases
Or of Bronze Transmission Cases
Turkish Cushions, or the Seven-bearing Crank,
Or of Chrome-Nickel Gearing
Or of Patent Wheels for Steering
When the Gasoline is lacking in the Tank?

"Tell us, tell us, Puissant Mortal
Throned within the White House portal,



"ARE YOU SURE THAT THESE EGGS HAVE NO CHICKENS
IN THEM?"
"YES, MISSIS. THEY ARE DUCK EGGS"

Proud of Presidential labors (nearly done),
How, without extreme prostration,
We may mend the situation
And the Autos of the Nation may be run?"

In his Morris chair capacious,
Ever gentle, ever gracious,
Moved Our President, awaking from a doze;
He consulted nearly eighty-
Seven law books, wise and weighty,
And responded, smiling sweetly, "Heaven knows!"

"Tell us, tell us, Doctor Wilson—
Oh, we'll drink your health in Pilsen,
We will treat you to cigars in silver foil,
You, we'll fervently kowtow to
If you'll only tell us how to
Deal with him that boosted up the Price of Oil!"

Doctor Wilson frowned umbrageous
As he answered, "It's outrageous!
We must discipline the Miscreant Accursed,
Be he Lawyer, Priest or Layman
I will hang him high as Haman!—
But, you know, you'll have to catch the Fellow first."

"Tell us, Playful Petrol-seller,
Mister John D. Rockefeller,
Won't you tell us how we're ever going to buy
Gasoline at present prices?—
For you may have had advices
That the Article is quoted rather high."

J. D. R. was heard to mutter
As he waved his Golden Putter
(He was Holing Out upon the Seventh Green),
"My advice to you again is
That you ought to Save Your Pennies!"—
Then he-putted and (ha! ha!) he missed it, clean!

So we're sitting, dark and doubtful,
Melancholious and poutful,
By our thirsty, gasolineless Motor Car;
And if no attention's paid us
And if someone doesn't aid us
We Are Going Right Around to Tell T. R.!

Arthur Guiterman.

What Are Books Anyway?

WHERE in New York are the bookshops of yester-year? Newspaper correspondents have recently been indulging in comments on the disappearance of the old bookshops of the Metropolis. At one time they were quite numerous, but they have been gradually growing fewer, until now it is quite difficult to find a place with traditions, where one may browse and "snatch a fearful joy" for a half hour or so.

What do these correspondents expect?

It is almost impossible to get through the day's advertisements before dusk, without indulging in mere literature.



EVIDENCE OF PROSPERITY

Journalism and Ethics

DR. TALCOTT WILLIAMS, director of the School of Journalism of Columbia University, recently defended the newspapers of the country from the charge that they cater too much to the business interests. He said that there were about five millions of readers interested in business, either as employees or as stockholders. Whom, therefore, should the newspapers represent, if not these very people?

The New York *World* at the same time defended its own policy of giving too much importance to sensational news, a criticism made by one of its contemporaries. The *World* frankly admitted that it "played up" a murder or a divorce case, because these are matters of warm human interest, and its readers want to read about these things much more indeed than they thirst for dry knowledge of treaties or changes of government.

Both Dr. Williams and the *World* seemed to agree that it is the business of a newspaper to give its readers what they want.

But, entirely aside from this business aspect of the case, is there, on the part of every editor, an obligation to lead his readers up to a higher standard? Shall he interest them enough (by giving them what they want) to insure his own success, and in addition to this, shall he be willing to make a reasonable sacrifice of his profits to educate them into higher things?

But where is the line to be drawn between the two extremes of newspaper management?

When Mr. Hearst started his Boston *American*, his news machinery was delayed. But he was anxious to get out his paper, so he determined to run it for a week or so without any news, and to depend entirely upon the medley of special comic and sentimental features which make up a large part of the Hearst papers.

Much to the surprise of everybody, at the end of only one week the paper reached a circulation of 175,000, and no one apparently noticed that it did not contain any news. And this in Boston!

Mr. Pulitzer undoubtedly had journalistic ideals. When he first started the *World* he stopped at nothing in his efforts to get readers. He succeeded. How much better in this respect is the *World* now than it was when Mr. Pulitzer started it? Could this difference be measured, it might reveal to us very well just how far an editor can go in his efforts to uplift the masses, and still make his paper pay.

But, on the other hand, it might be said with truth that if the *World* is any better to-day than it was when it started, it is due to the demands made by its readers for something better, and not because its management has made steady and progressive efforts to lead its readers up to a higher plane.

In short, it is the readers who make the newspaper, not the newspapers that make the readers.

TIME does not right all wrongs—it merely heals the wounds.



Catcarver Jones, M.D.

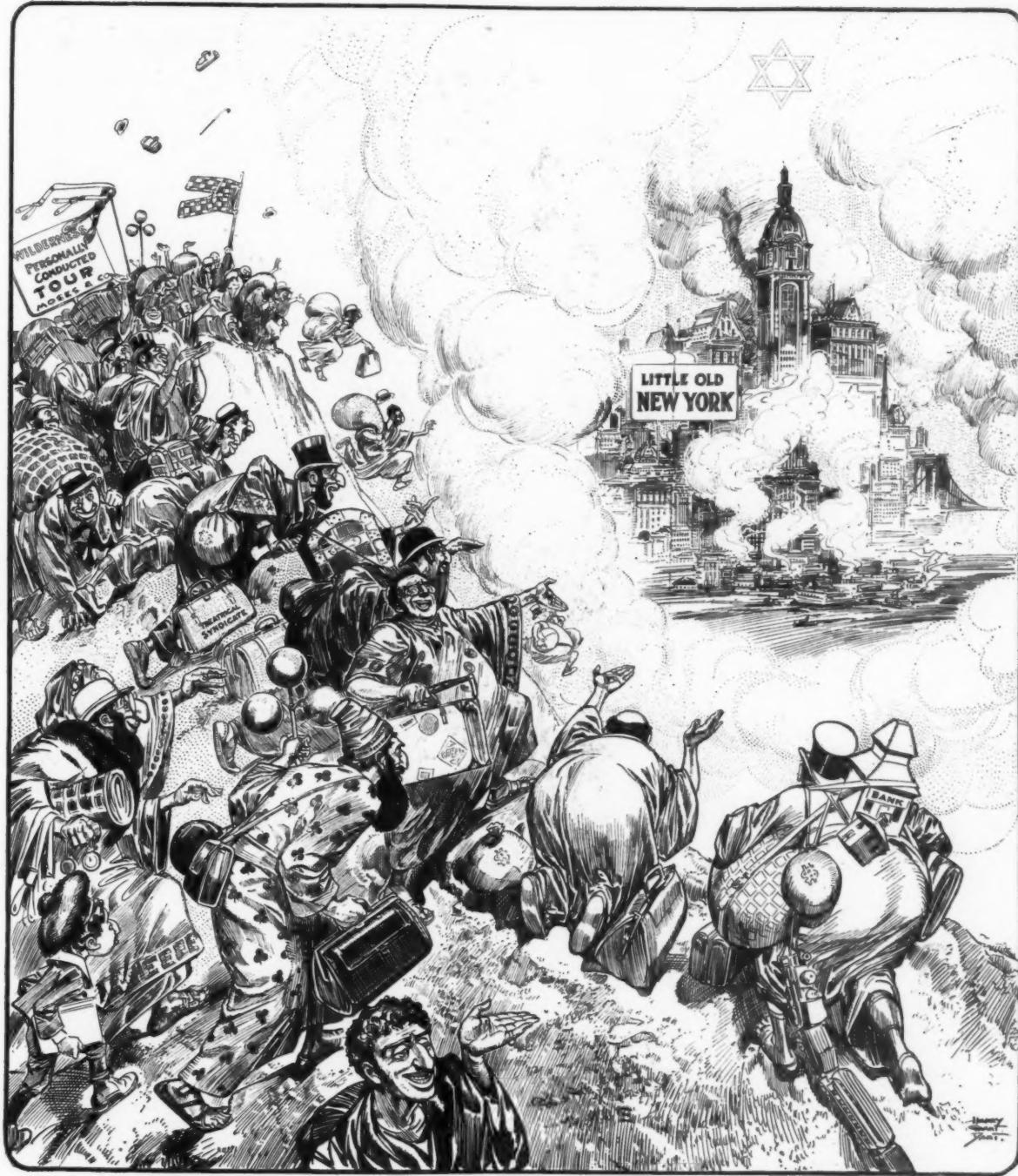
THIS eminent scientist showed, even as a boy, astonishing aptitude for his calling. When a mere child of seven he held a puppy on a hot stove "to study the effect of shock." A passionate lover of research, he has performed countless experiments on living animals all resulting, of course, in useful discoveries. The whole scientific world still rings with his last achievement: removing the stomach of pauper hospital patients and substituting therefor the various internal organs of cats, guinea pigs and monkeys. Out of twenty-two patients on whom he tried it, only twenty-one died before he had finished the operation.

Dr. Funnovitt Gibbs is already conducting similar experiments on a somewhat larger scale in his own hospital.

Dr. Catcarver Jones's position in the up-to-date medical world is at the very top. It is no exaggeration to say that he is considered the peer of such scientists as Futyll Wurk, M. D., J. Bogass Kure, D. F. A. B., Dr. Worsen Yuseliss, and that prince of research, Erronius Chap, M. D.

Dr. Jones's most precious discoveries have been made through experiments on pauper patients in the hospitals, who are, as material, much less expensive than imported monkeys.

An interesting article on Dr. Catcarver Jones is now being written by Foolhamsum More, M. D.



HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN (AND IN THIS CASE PARTLY WAS)
THE VIEW OF THE PROMISED LAND

Matrimoniage

(An American Version of Mr. H. G. Wells's Latest Novel, "Marriage.")

FATHER, do I have to marry a professional humorist?"

Marjorie, carefully concealing in her back hair a wad of left-over college bills the postman had just left, looked at her father appealingly.

"You know," she said, "he is almost respectable; he has never written for any American humorous papers."

Mr. Slope sat down crustily.

"My child," he said, "you will do as I say. Gather the family around and let me read aloud to you an editorial I have just written for the New York *Sunday Herald*."

The family, shuddering, were all called in and Mr. Slope began. Snagnet, the humorist, at this moment entered in the nick of time and drew Marjorie away to the nearest clock tower.

"I have saved you from the old man," he said briskly, "now will you marry me; that reminds me of—"

"I'll do anything," said Marjorie, who had read *Tit-Bits* for years and knew every good story that had ever been stolen from America, "if you will save that after-dinner speech for one of my creditors."

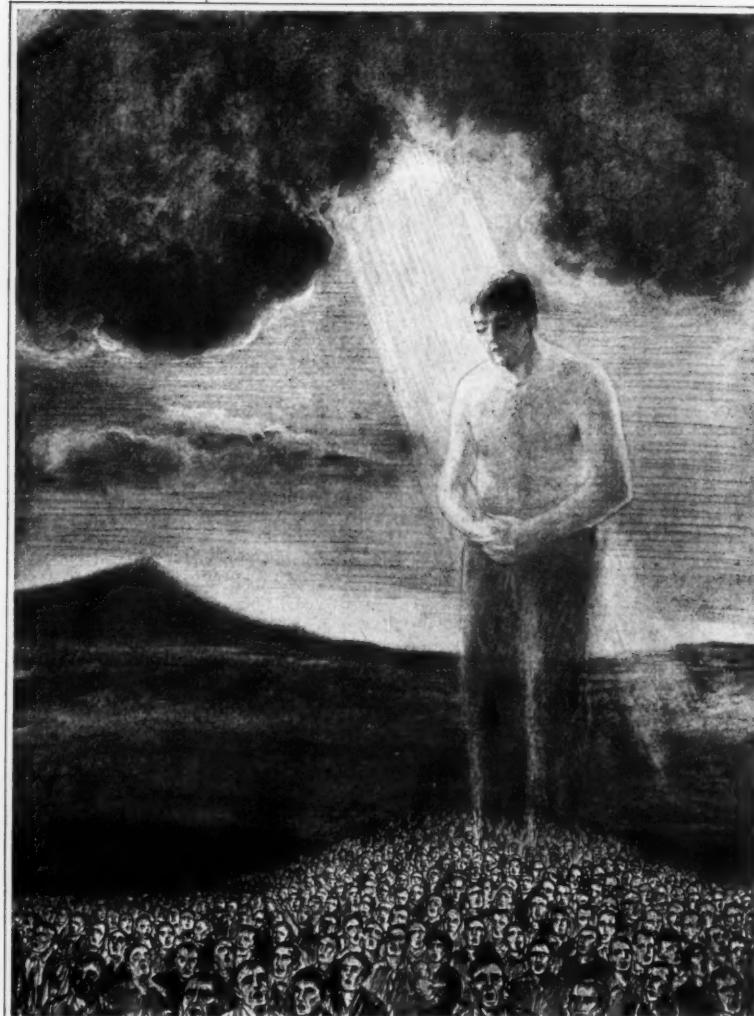
She was about to lay before him her college expense account when her younger brother dragged her down stairs. Snagnet, thinking vaguely that something might be wrong, went off on another chestnutting tour.

* * *

The sky was darkened for a moment when Bifford came. He dropped



"MIXED COMPANY"



THE INTERNATIONAL HYMN

"GOD SAVE THE POOR"

down on the tennis court before her with a dull, sickening thud. The machine was in tatters.

"I'll send you a bill for this," roared Slope from a distance.

Bifford only smiled while Marjorie tied him together. They trembled as they looked at each other. And Snagnet at least twenty miles away!

The next day Marjorie and Bifford met again, having arranged the affair by wireless telephone, special delivery, messenger boy and parcel post.

"Is it right for me to marry you,"

she whispered, "when I am already engaged to a professional humorist?"

"Anything is right to save you from a fate like that," replied Bifford bravely. "At present I myself am only a professional biologist, but I have within me the making of a magnate."

When Mr. Slope, Marjorie's father, heard the news, he kicked his wife quietly in the face, to relieve his feelings, and resumed his reading aloud.

* * *

Every morning Marjorie went shopping. Buying out department stores



THE POLITE HACKMAN

Driver: G'WAN! SHAKE' YERSILF, YE FLEA-BITTEN OULD CORPSE! (confidentially to his passenger) IT WUZ THE HORSE I WUZ SPAKIN' TO, MUM.

was her dad; she did it almost as well as if she had been born in America. Bifford could not keep up with her. One day her sister, who had married Snagnet, the professional humorist, and therefore had all kinds of money, dropped in on Marjorie with real furs and a limousine body. Maddenized by the sight of so much luxury, Marjorie, determined to stop at nothing, went on, and on, and on—

Bifford took her to a quiet ten-thousand-dollar-a-week place on the Continent. There they met once more the Cohoens. The Cohoens were mammonized; they had mammonized children.

"Enough," whispered Bifford to Marjorie. "From this moment Art

and I part company; me for the shekels."

A few weeks later, when Bifford had made his arrangements with Cohoen, they could have stayed over night at the St. Regis without feeling it.

* * *

Here let me digress for several hundred pages to explain my theories of life (not that they differ from those of others, but it always makes me feel good to explain them, and takes up valuable space); also to work up my moral, without which no novel by me would be complete.

Poor Marjorie, who had tasted of the bitter fruits of life! One night she faced Bifford.

"We are up against it," she whispered. "Civilization is more than we can stand."

"Let's arrange it by doing something real crude and primitive."

"Me for East Boston," exclaimed Bifford. "Let us find ourselves there."

* * *

One day, sitting on an iceberg, near the Back Bay, as they heard the children's voices through the fog, and the barking of dogs in the distance, Marjorie murmured: "Real happiness at last; I can eat mutton chops with a relish."

And beyond them was everything in the world you can think of.

Suffragettes and Common Sense

One of the greatest merits of the suffragist campaigners in this country is that in spite of severe handicaps they have been guided by common sense, unlike some of their British sisters.—*The New York World*.

The suffragettes who made this march from New York to Albany are a band of silly, excited and exaggerated women.

—Bishop William Croswell Doane.

THREE seems to be a difference here between authorities. A "silly, excited and exaggerated woman" is not, as a rule, prominent for her common sense. The two things do not go together.

Probably the real truth about the matter is that in this country the women do not have to go to the lengths that the women of England do.

Our women own the country anyway. When they want anything, they just reach out and get it. In the case of the suffrage, they do not all want it. The majority of them seem not to want it. The ones who do want it are doing things to attract attention and to win the other women who do not agree with them over to their side.

The American men are simply the interested spectators; aside from the trivial detail of paying all the bills, they have no special interest in the matter except to see that the majority of women have what they want. And how well they perform this public duty.

Reputable Journals

MR. E. H. McHENRY, a vice-president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, was considerably miffed by an article in the *Scientific American*, and, in a reply, says that many errors would have been avoided "had the writer followed the accepted practise of reputable journals in previously submitting a proof to the railroad for criticism and comment." We cannot say as to the



NOT YET ON THE MARKET—AN ELECTRIC STARTER



THE PHILANTHROPIST

errors, but certainly this throws a strong light on the character of "reputable journals." It may be, however, that Mr. McHenry has made a mistake in talking right out in meetin' this way. Doesn't the reputability of journals require that such facts should remain *sub rosa*? It is rarely that contributions to the "literature of exposure" come from so direct and authentic a source.

Nautical Terms Explained

SCHOONER—A vessel often seen crossing the bar.
Shiver my timbers—A nautical expression used only by landlubbers.

Deck—A place chiefly patronized by gamblers.
Quarter deck—Thirteen marked cards used by these gamblers.

Steamer chair—Something we pay for but seldom use.
Skylights—The sun, moon and stars.

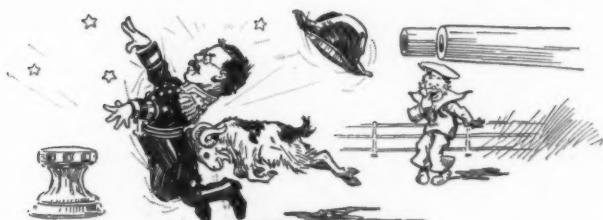
Freeboard—Stowaways.

Hawser—The last line between friends.

Life line—A line subscribing for LIFE.

Man overboard—A diversion for passengers.

Manifest—The open palm of the deck steward.



AMERICAN ADMIRAL DISAPPROVES OF MASCOTS

January



A COY WITNESS.



THE SPHINX



ENGLISH WINTER - 1912-13



HARRY LAUDER CALLS ON GOV. SULZER.



THEY RENT JEWELS, NOW, IN LONDON



ENGLISH LADY PROVIDES SUITABLE NIGHTBOWNS FOR TRAMPS.

Americans at the Gate

"NEXT," called Saint Peter.

A pompous person arose from the bench and grandly approached the bar. His silk hat glistened majestically and his face bore a patronizing smile full of suavity and confidence.

"Name please."

"I am the American Philanthropist."

"I don't see your name among the list of eligibles. What are your qualifications?"

"You may put me down for—"

"Hold up, I'm not asking for a donation."

"I beg your pardon. I am so used to dealing with charity committees, I quite forgot. I meant to say you may put me down as one who loved his fellowmen."

"Oh, ho! You are trying to break in by the Abou-Ben-Adhem route?"

"Possibly. Abou has always been one of my favorite characters in history."

"Always?"

"Perhaps I might say ever since I could afford it."

"That's the way with most Americans. They are just as virtuous as they can afford to be. You are real sure you loved your fellowmen, are you?"

"Why, certainly. Didn't I—"

"Wouldn't it be more correct to say that you wanted your fellowmen to love you—that is, as soon as you could afford to think about such a secondary matter?"

"Not at all. How can you doubt my—"

"Didn't you find at a certain point in your life they were beginning to look askance at you as a selfish grabber?"

"It is so hard to make people understand."

"And when you tried to placate them and recover their favor, you had nothing to give them but money?"

"But look what was done with the money."

"Yes, but it never occurred to you that just as much could be done with the money without having it pass through your sticky hands."

"You also seem to misunderstand me."



THE POPULAR DEMAND

"Do I? Let's see. You say you loved your fellowmen. Did you love all of them or just a part of them?"

"I loved—"

"Did you love the competitors you forced out of business?"

"I—"

"Did you love the employees who worked for you at a meager wage, and without whom you could not have amassed your millions?"

"When they—"

"And especially did you love the little children employees who had to work so hard that their growth was

stunted and their capacity for pleasure forever dulled?"

"I was a victim—"

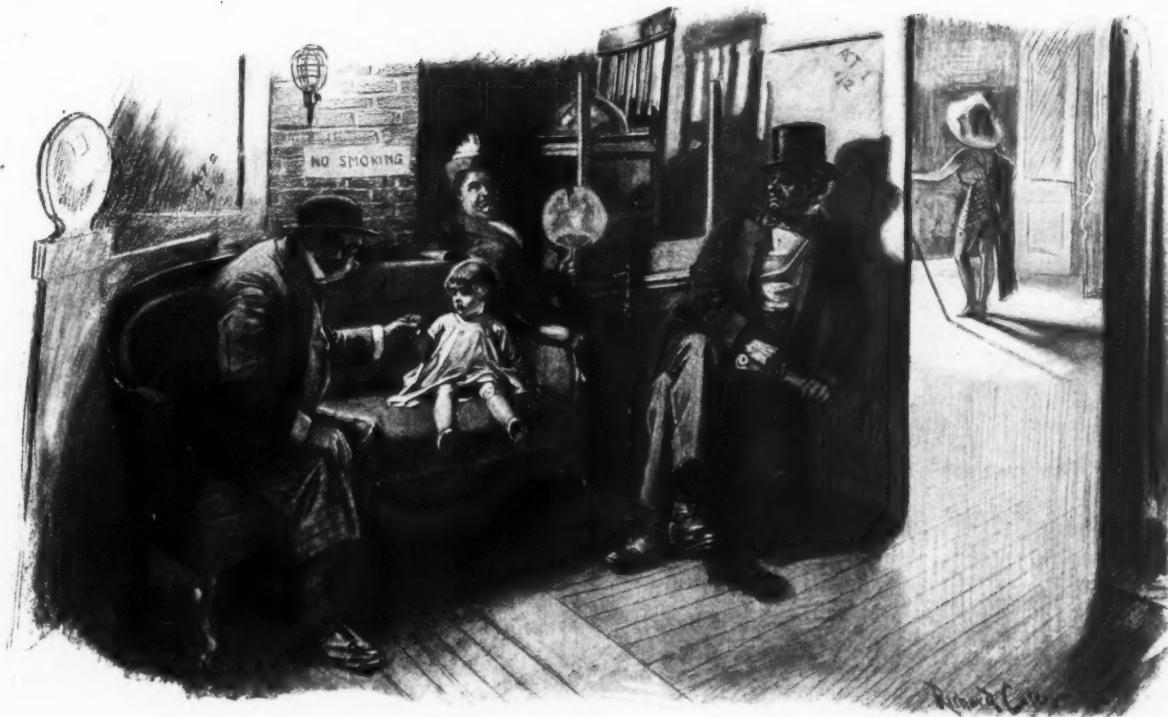
"Did you love the tenants in your rickety and unsanitary tenements?"

"My tenements were—"

"Did you love the legislators whom your agents bribed and the people who rode on your miserable trolley cars?"

"You do not make allowance for—"

"Here, clerk! Take this man out and strip him of everything he possesses. Then give it back to him a little at a time." *Ellis O. Jones.*



"THE LEADIN' LADY'S KID"

The Passing of Father

FATHER is going. The patient, kind spirit who made us say our prayers at night and tucked us up in bed, will soon be a thing of the past. Even now it is rare to find him anywhere.

We can see him yet—for our childish memory goes back almost to the beginning—bending over our cribs and anon,

in the still (except for our presence) watches of the night heating the milk over the gas stove. And when mother used to come home from the caucus, how father's face would light up, when, before turning in, she nodded her approval!

There was nobody in all the world quite like father. No matter what our troubles were, we always found a safe refuge in his sympathetic bosom. How soft was his voice as he read aloud to us at night from Elinor Glyn's fairy stories and other well-known classics. And when we tossed on our beds in fever, there was no cooling touch like father's.

Who will take his place?

Advice to Green-Eyed Monsters

IT is not for other States to be jealous of Pennsylvania because her name is to be given to the new battleship which has just been planned, and which is to be the biggest dreadnaught in the world. Let the other States remember that little invidious matters of this sort cannot possibly be avoided in carrying forward that greater international policy of invidiousness which is so essential to the physical welfare and peace of mind of a world power.

It is not for other States, but for other nations to be jealous of us in the possession of this alleged implement of war. It is solely for foreign green-eyed monsters to direct their emerald searchlights upon our shores and then scamper swiftly away to lay down keels for something bigger, grander, mightier and more costly.



*She: THERE! LOOK AT THAT! AND JOHN SAID HE
WOULD NOT SMOKE AFTER THE FIRST OF THE YEAR.*

*"HE'S NOT SMOKING. THAT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE
CIGARS HE RECEIVED FOR CHRISTMAS."*



From Child Neglect to Trigamy

FOR rich parents who leave their children to the care of teachers and servants, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," by Eleanor Gates, is not recommended as likely to prove cheerful theatrical entertainment. Like the similar parents in the play, they may receive a jolt before the end of the proceedings, which, although salutary in effect, is rather strenuous to endure.

This little rich girl was given an overdose of a drug by her nurse, who wanted to have a night out with one of the footmen. It pretty nearly killed the child, but in the interval between her poisoning and her being brought back to consciousness and recovery she had during the second act of the play some very amusing hallucinations based on impressions her little brain had registered in the real life of the first act. In the third and last act all turns out well, with the parents brought to a realizing sense of the necessity of affection to a child.

— — — — —
THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL" is simultaneously amusing, affecting and a remarkable transference of mental processes to graphic stage depiction. The things registered in the child's brain are shown physically on the stage. What Lewis Carroll did in "Alice in Wonderland" in a purely fanciful way we have shown here with a similar humorous touch, but with a basis of reality that appeals to the reason and stirs the emotions. In real talk the good doctor has told the child heroine that he has hobbies. In her delirium the doctor's hobbies become the hobby-horses that are pictured on the frieze in her own nursery, and they are stabled in Robin Hood's barn, of which she has heard casual mention. She has overheard some of her mother's guests say that her father is making ducks and drakes of his money, and in her visions she sees him actually pouring money into the hopper of a machine of which he turns the crank, and from which come forth big ducks and drakes, which come back at intervals, after the manner of things seen



NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE

The retiring elephant: I HOPE YOU'LL GET MORE APPLAUSE THAN I DID

in the jumble of dreams and delirium.

These examples chosen from many instances show the ingenuity that marks this unusual and extremely original play. It deals with child life, but will doubtless appeal more to adults. It is in a way spectacular and allegorical, and contains some very ingenious stage effects. The dramatist got the main idea from a book, but has transferred it to the stage skillfully and with a remarkable insight into the child mind. In a large and competent cast the work of Viola Dana, the diminutive artist who plays the little heroine, is remarkable as an exhibition of sustained power and convincing impersonation.

The play is absorbing in its interest, but, as said before, is not recommended as amusement for rich parents who consider their duty to their children fulfilled when they have supplied them with everything that money can buy.

— — — — —
WHY any one should take the trouble to import "The New Secretary" from Paris is a mystery,

when equally stupid pieces may be had for the asking in New York. The charm of the polite French atmosphere might be the excuse, if that also had been imported, but unfortunately the only French atmosphere provided in the New York performance is that to be found in the names of the characters on the programme and the assurance, on the same authority, that the action takes place near Rheims, where the champagne comes from. Certainly it is too much to expect any suggestion of French chateau life from Marie Doro, who speaks United States with English affectation, or from Britons like Mr. Charles Cherry, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Mrs. Whiffen, to say nothing of the pronounced Americanism of Mr. Claude Gillingwater.

If "The New Secretary" as a play had anything in itself to excite the interest or hold the attention there might be some reason for overlooking its bad casting, but the piece is so colorless and commonplace in plot and lines that nothing but the most exquisite acting could make its presentation worth

while. Lacking in so many ways, "The New Secretary" has practically no chance of survival in this era of stern theatrical competition.



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY is generally regarded as rather an apostle of gloom, and it took the young thespians of the Yale Dramatic Association to come on to New York and show that he had a humorous side to his character. In presenting his comedy, "The Fruits of Culture," the Yale Association adhered to its tradition of trying to do something a little more worthwhile than the usual college theatricals. Allowing for the handicaps that are inseparable from casts made up entirely of male amateurs, a very fair idea could be gained of this humorous effort of the famous Russian. Divested of its local color, it remains an amusing drive at the credulity of the falsely cultured everywhere. In one character, admirably drawn by the author and not badly acted by Mr. Cumming, we have a world portrait of the not uncommon type of the pest afflicted with a large vocabulary and the *cacoethes loquendi*. We encounter him so often at political meetings, on the lecture platform and after dinners that it was some consolation to learn that Russia is a companion in misery.



THE MAN WITH THREE WIVES is not the person occasionally dragged into our courts for additional punishment but the hero of a comic operetta with Viennese music by Franz Lehar. He is not in fact married to the three ladies, but as he is connected with a tourist agency finds it convenient to have permanent arrangements for feminine society in Vienna, Paris and London. This provides three heroines and different settings and complications for each of three acts. Also it allows of changes of costume for the young ladies of the

chorus. It permits more plot and situations than are usual to musical pieces of the sort, but unfortunately does not seem to have inspired the librettist to much humor in his lines.

The cast of "The Man With Three

Wives" is a large one with several clever artists in the list, the music has a good deal of the Lehar tunefulness and altogether the piece has a dash and go which make it one of the best of its kind seen this season. *Metcalfe.*

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Astor.—"Fine Feathers," by Mr. Eugene Walter. American domestic problem play, the problem being based on the national temptation to extravagance. Fairly interesting.

Belasco.—"Years of Discretion." Clever comedy of contemporary American life, excellently acted.

Casino.—"The Firefly." Tuneful and well staged musical piece with Mme. Trentini as the prima donna.

Century.—"Joseph and His Brethren." Spectacular scriptural drama very elaborately staged and well acted.

Children's.—"Racketty Packetty House." Play for children pleasingly done in a theatre especially built for children.

Cohan's.—"Broadway Jones." Mr. George M. Cohan as the star of an amusing contemporary comedy of his own writing.

Comedy.—"Fanny's First Play." The British middle classes satirized by Mr. George Bernard Shaw in his own inimitable way.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Miss Laurette Taylor as the charming Anglo-American heroine of an amusing comedy.

Criterion.—"The Argyle Case." Very up-to-date detective play with Mr. Robert Hilliard as the hero exploiting the methods of Mr. W. J. Burns.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." The department store and its methods shown up in a strong and well acted melodrama.

Empire.—"The Spy." A play with French patriotism and the usual French triangle combined in the same plot. Not very appealing interest to American audiences.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Never Say Die."

Very light comedy with Mr. William Collier's fun-making as its principal attraction.

Gaiety.—"Stop Thief!" Farcical comedy with its fun based on the mixing up of kleptomaniacs and real thieves.

Garrick.—"The Conspiracy." Moving New York melodrama unraveling the mystery of a blood-curdling crime.

Globe.—"The Lady of the Slipper." Elsie Janis and Messrs. Montgomery and Stone in pleasing musical version of the Cinderella fairy tale.

Harris.—Mr. William Hawtrey in "The Old Firm." Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Under Many Flags." Ballet, spectacle and impressive stage pictures of foreign scenes.

Hudson.—"The Poor Little Rich Girl." See above.

Knickerbocker.—"The Sunshine Girl." Notice later.

Little.—"Rutherford and Son." Well acted but depressing drama of sordid English middle-class life.

Lyric.—"All for the Ladies." Musical show notable mainly for its collection of gowns in the latest development of our eccentric fashions.

Lyceum.—"The New Secretary," with Marie Doro and Mr. Charles Cherry. See above.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Whip." Thrilling melodrama of the English type with remarkable and complicated stage effects.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Affairs of Anatol." Consecutive exposition of five love affairs of a gay bachelor. Clever.

Afternoons, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Fairy tale play for children, delightfully presented.

New Amsterdam.—"Oh! Oh! Delphine." Frenchy and funny musical piece.

Playhouse.—"Little Women." Pleasant and well acted stage version of Louisa M. Alcott's famous book of girl life in New England.

Republic.—"A Good Little Devil." Poetic French fairy drama elaborately and picturesquely staged.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Iron Door," by Mr. Allan Davis. Notice later.

Winter Garden.—Return of Gaby Deslys in "The Honeymoon Express." Notice later.

Weber and Fields Music Hall.—"The Man With Three Wives." See above.



ESQUIMOS

LIFE



Advice to the Mentally

GO DOWN TO THE STREET

LIFE



to the Mentally Feeble
GO DOWN TO THE STREET



THE LATEST BOOKS

LADIES' literary coteries and feminine organizations for the secretion of culture should, with haste and chortlings, supply themselves with Frank Harris's new book, "The Women of Shakespeare" (Kennerley, \$2.00). It is a work that will lend itself, with astonishing niceties of adjustment, to their peculiar needs. For it will convince them—by its earnestness; overawe them—by its arguments; flatter them—by its idealizings; and flutter them—by its plain speaking. And, odd as it may appear at first glance, its effect in each of these respects will be heightened by the fact that its author labors under what, otherwise considered, is the terrible temperamental handicap of being exaggeratedly an Englishman and of being exaggeratedly proud of it.

Who but an Englishman of hypertrophied Anglicism would exalt Shakespeare into a god with such whole-hearted zealotry as to look upon the decipherment of his private character from the implications of his published writings as theologians look upon the exegesis of scripture—as a question, that is to say, of cosmic import? Who but such an Englishman would be so unconscious of the relativity of truth as to regard all who differ with him as barbarians? Or so impatient with the possibilities of perspicacity as to look upon himself as the inventor and patentee of all his beliefs—the *padrone*, as it were, of his opinions, entitled in perpetuity to claim their earnings and to resent any attempt to tamper with them as an infringement of vested rights? Who but such an Englishman could imagine that he had discovered the sacramental character of passion? And who else at this moment of the twentieth century, amid the fall of dogmas and the buddings of faith, with an honesty as unchallengeable as his self-satisfaction, would take his stand on a split hair and defy the universe? And finally who but such an Englishman could give to such a treatise the undeniable quality of its limitations?

A SPINDLING and slack-witted professor of psychology; a borrowed greatcoat of sumptuous make and sensational appearance; a resulting mistake in identity, followed by kidnapping, detention and enforced forgery; collegiate joy

mixed with curiosity over a prodigal's despaired of return; and psychologic explanations, devised to avoid disgrace, gradually amplified into psychic adventures to meet the growing needs of notoriety—these, with one very important exception—are the ingredients that go to make up the story of "The Green Overcoat" (McBride, Nast, \$1.20). And taken as outlined they might make the basis of almost any grade of tired-business-man novelette or operetta. But the admixture, omnipresent, yet unisolable, of this one unnamed ingredient—namely of the spontaneous and fun-loving and methodically mildly-mad spirit of Hilaire Belloc, the author—alters the whole chemistry of the composition. What would, in ordinary hands, have been an inert invention for the killing of time becomes the vitalized vehicle of deliciously oblique social comment, of sheet-lightning-like satire, of irresponsibly serious double-edged humor and of sheer fun. Nor is the book's quality of unexpectedness limited to Mr. Belloc's wit, which is feline in that the direction

of its jumping is never to be foretold. The illustrations are from drawings by G. K. Chesterton! And moreover it is a long time since a book has been so sympathetically accented and enlarged by its illustrations.

"THE GREEN OVERCOAT" is dedicated to Maurice Baring, and Mr. Belloc carefully explains that he chose the name in order that the great hordes of cultivated men and women desiring to see Mr. Baring's play of "The Green Elephant" might come to talk by mistake of "The Green Overcoat." Now Mr. Baring's play is included in "The Grey Stocking and Other Plays" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.25), and as it, together with its fellows, belongs to that variety of drama that is better suited to the illumination of the footlights than of the library lamp, such hordes of fun-seeking and discriminating readers as are liable to get mixed on these articles of apparel are hereby advised to take the Overcoat and let the Hosiery go.

J. B. Kerfoot.



"WELL, I SUPPOSE I WON'T GET ANY MORE NICKELS OUT O' HIM NOW;
BUT HE SURE WAS A GOOD THING WHILE HE LASTED."

Confidential Book Guide

Atlantis, by Gerhart Hauptmann. A Teutonic travelogue, including a Titanic-like shipwreck and a visit to America. Ploddingly realistic, but uninspiring.

Back Home, by Irvin S. Cobb. Fruity short stories of life in a semi-Southern town in western Kentucky.

Bubbles of the Foam, by F. W. Bain. A love story in which beauty of phrase, poetic imagination and the spirit of Hindu myth are charmingly blended.

Cobb's Anatomy, by Irvin S. Cobb. Essays on human make-up, written in a Jack Spratt vein of humor—streaks of loud laughter alternating with lines of virile vulgarity.

The Financier, by Theodore Dreiser. A biographical novel which offers us an interesting study of a significant American type.

The Green Overcoat, by Hilaire Belloc. See preceding page.

The Grey Stocking and Other Plays, by Maurice Baring. See preceding page.

Her Soul and Her Body, by Louise Closser Hale. A girl's story of her student days in Boston. Honest sex psychology dressed in sentimental fiction.

In Other Words, by Franklin P. Adams. Clever verses, witty parodies of Latin poets and pithy comments on current topics.

Jade, by Berthold Lanfer. Collectors of Chinese jade and students of Chinese archeology and religion will find this volume of extreme interest and sound value.

The Man Who Came Back, by John Fleming Wilson. From New York to Shanghai and return. A new version of the prodigal's homecoming.

The Mythological Zoo, by Oliver Herford. A most amusing set of portraits and rhymed descriptions of fabulous celebrities.

Old Age, Its Prevention and Cure, by Sanford Bennett. In which "the man who grew young at seventy" tells how he did it. A volume with something to it in spite of its appearance.

The Reef, by Edith Wharton. The story of a shipwrecked love affair in which character reading of uncanny keenness is set forth in superbly supple prose.

Scientific Sprague, by Francis Lynde. Good railroad yarns with a near-wizard detective doing an *obligato* in each of them.

The Women of Shakespeare, by Frank Harris. See preceding page.

Unsought Happiness

Happiness isn't to be found by seeking it—*Kansas City Star*.

No, people haven't time to seek happiness; there are other things they consider more important. Everybody nowadays is too busy getting automobiles, learning to dance the turkey trot, going to amusement places, reading light fiction, working to make money, traveling, getting married and divorced, buying and selling stocks, and doing similar things.

These, to the ordinary mind, are much more important than happiness.



SOME ARE BORN PHILANTHROPISTS.



SOME ACQUIRE PHILANTHROPISTS.



WHILE OTHERS HAVE PHILANTHROPISTS THRUST UPON THEM.

What Quotation Best Fits This Picture?

He believes himself alone on this island, sole survivor of the shipwreck.
But as one other person was saved, a surprise awaits him.

For the quotation that best fits this picture, in English verse or prose, from the published works of any well-known writer, LIFE will give \$100.

The quotation must not exceed fifty words, and all answers must comply with the following conditions:

Conditions of the Contest

The paper upon which the quotation is sent should contain nothing else except the name and address of the contestant in the upper left-hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Among quotations of equal merit preference will be given to the shortest.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st St., New York.*

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

Preference will be given to an answer not submitted by several contestants, but in case more than one person submits the winning quotation the prize will be divided.

All answers must be at LIFE office not later than Saturday, February 15. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from February 15 a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of March 6—the Easter Number.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

Only one answer from each contestant will be considered. No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the quotation which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.

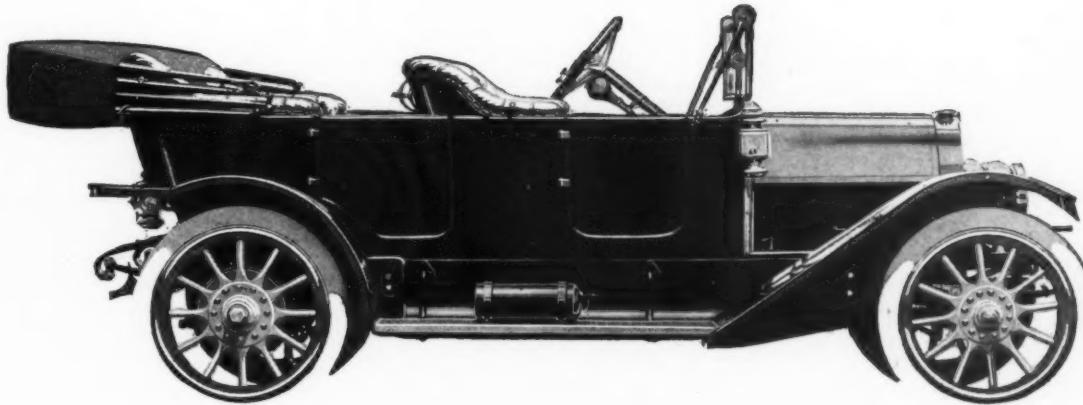


WAITING AT THE CHURCH

"I MIGHT MARRY YER SOME TIME, MAG, BUT YOU GOTTA CUT OUT ALL THAT KIND O' BUSINESS WHEN I DO. SEE?"

• LIFE •

Overland



OVER fifteen thousand Overlands have been delivered during the last five months. This is *more* cars than *all* the automobile factories in Germany turn out in a whole year. This is an *increase* of 300 per cent. over the same period last year. And last year we *led* every thousand dollar automobile producer in America. Our 1913 sales are more than *double* those of any other manufacturer producing a similar car.

In such states as Minnesota, one of the *largest* automobile consuming States in the Union, the Overland has shown a *larger increase* this year than *any* other motor car manufactured—*bar none*.

The Overland *outsells* because it *outclasses*. Overland value is *better* because it is *bigger*. You get *more* car for *less* money.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 16

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

\$985—Completely Equipped

Model 69-T

Self-starter
30 Horse Power
5-Passenger Touring Car
110-inch Wheel Base

Timken Bearings
Center Control
Remy Magneto
Warner Speedometer

Mohair Top and Boot
Clear Vision, Rain Vision
Wind Shield
Prest-O-Lite Tank

LIFE.



We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication

Liferwocky

'Twas martin, and the guiterman
Did budd and broughton in the woold.
All sullivant the clanahan,
The gibson hutt outgoold.

"Beware the foster fender, son,
The ejones, the kerfoot flagg!
Beware the masson bangs, and run
Like Richards cushing nag!"

He took his kilby blade in hand;
Long time the vawter foe he sought,
With cady struts through lowell lutz,
He phillips there in thought.

Leolyn, angusmac, and rude,
He crosby down the galloway,
To where the irvin metcalfe mooed
From blashfield deep in hay.

Carruth! Carruth! To tell the truth,
He spaeth the dillon thing in two,
And threw the halves in burnham barnes
That walker there in dew.

"And canst thou chase the calvert
rowe—
So young, my shaver, master son?
Oh, miller say! Marcus the day!"
He mitchelled fuller fun.

'Twas martin, and the guiterman
Did budd and broughton in the woold.
All sullivant the clanahan,
The gibson hutt outgoold.

M. W. B.

BOSTON, MASS.,
January 15, 1913.

Not Our Fault

TO THE EDITORS OF LIFE:

I note in your Anniversary Number that in the department under drama you say, "The first duty of a journal is to its readers." This has seemed to be very much your policy in dramatic criticism, and I wish to thank you personally for the help I have received as to the value of the different plays. I have never yet been disappointed in following your suggestions. But why do you ignore absolutely so good a play as "Milestones"? When I first thought of going to see this play I turned immediately to your columns to see what you said, but, behold! you said nothing, and to this extent I think you are neglecting to do your readers a great favor.

You remind me somewhat of the inci-

dent of a traveler who arrived at a French railway station to take the 8:35 train. The train approached and went by at full speed. The man turned to a bystander and asked him why this was, as it was scheduled to stop. "Why," he said, "don't you know that the engineer and the station agent have had a quarrel?"

Very truly yours,
JAMES ABBOTT.

NEW YORK,

January 3, 1913.

The gentleman is quite right with regard to "Milestones." His complaint, however, lies against the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, which has ruled that a theatre is not a public place and that its manager may exclude anyone, even though the person excluded may have purchased a ticket and be in no way an objectionable person. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, who control the theatre where "Milestones" is presented, have for several years exercised that right of exclusion against LIFE. As LIFE's critic has not yet acquired the miraculous power of reviewing a play without having seen it, the piece has gone unnoticed in the columns of this journal.—THE EDITORS.

Jones versus Jones

EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR.—Pardon the bluntness of the expression, but your article provokes the statement that it makes me tired. You criticise Mr. Loeb because, forsooth, he enforces the customs law, and, by the queerest reasoning that I have ever encountered, assert that he is properly

blameworthy for a system that was created before he was born. I have passed through the custom house at New York and have given up my keys to an inspector who asked me a number of very direct questions concerning my purchases abroad. I believe that I am a decent person in the sense in which you use that term, but I did not feel insulted, nor were my feelings traduced. Nor was I subjected to disgraceful indignities. My serenity may have been produced by the fact that I was not attempting to smuggle anything. I have been subjected to examinations quite as severe by bankers from whom I have borrowed money, and by life and fire insurance agents whom I fondly thought I was patronizing. Yet I wrote no cards to the paper. The secular press has enlightened us upon the subject of Loeb and in a most satisfying manner. It seems that he has compelled codfish society women and *nouveaux riches* persons to give over the exactions which the government demands, refusing to accept their dishonest statements concerning the amount and price of dutiable goods. Out this way we pay the same tribute to the protected classes every hour of our existence in a patient way, protesting only on election day, when we vote for Bryan or Wilson and some Democratic candidate for Congress. Do not denounce Loeb. If you must attack somebody let your gun be pointed Washingtonwards. It would be just as silly for us to assail you as an ass because you publish the either underdone or burnt-to-a-crisp Socialism of Ellis O. Jones as to hold the Collector responsible for earning an honest livelihood by enforcing the law.

Farewell—

J. E. JONES.

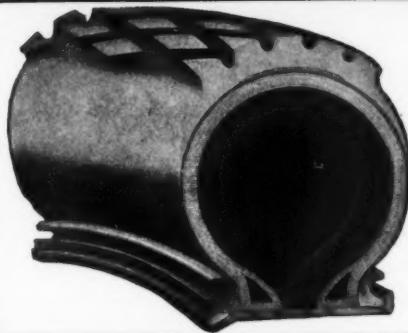
COLUMBUS, OHIO,
January 18, 1913.



Waitress: WHAT'S YOURS, SIR?

Paterfamilias (wearily): ALL OF 'EM MINE. FILL 'EM UP.

LIFE



No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

All Tiredom Records Broken

This Coming Season Will You Still Over-Spend for Tires?

You who don't know No-Rim-Cut tires waste a pretty large share of your tire money.

Note this convincing evidence:

Men who do know bought last year 918,687 Goodyear tires. And they wanted 400,000 more.

They bought more than men bought in the previous twelve years put together.

The demand has broken all records of Tiredom, after countless mileage tests.

Look at This Tire

You can see that rim-cutting is made completely impossible.

There are no hooks on the base as with old-type tires. The removable rim flanges are set to curve outward.

The tire, when wholly or partly deflated, rests on a rounded edge.

The tire is held on by our patented feature—by six flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanized into the tire base. That makes the tire base unstretchable. The tire can't be forced off, and yet it slips off like any quick-detachable when you remove a rim flange.

We control the only way known to make a satisfactory tire of this type.

See the Non-Skid

Compare this Non-Skid with all other non-skids. You can see for yourself the tremendous advantages.

Note that we here add a complete extra tread, making a double-thick tread.

This extra tread is a very tough rubber. So the non-skid feature is immensely enduring.

The blocks are deep-cut and sharp-cut. Countless edges and angles grasp the road surface with a bulldog grip.

Then these blocks widen out so they meet at the base. They don't center the strains on a part of the fabric. They distribute the strains as with smooth-tread tires. That means a long-lived tire.

Now, isn't it time that you made a comparison?

Is it wise to face, for another season, blow-outs and rim-cuts and waste?

The evidence is that No-Rim-Cut tires save close to half of one's tire money. Stop and consider what that means to you.

If you question such savings, make mileage tests. And remember that hundreds of thousands have made them, with some two million Goodyear tires.

Five minutes spent in a Goodyear shop will convince you that these things mean less tire cost.

clincher tires become rim-cut. Our patent tire never does.

Usage proves that 10 per cent. oversize, with equal tires, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

Reason will tell you that double-thick non-skids, with the strains distributed, will outlast the common non-skids.

Now we ask you to learn, by odometer test, what all this means to you.

Do It Now

Don't go on paying excessive tire upkeep, if this way really ends it.

Tires should be judged by the cost per mile. Else what is the use of working out these economies?

Here are tires that can't rim-cut. Here are oversize tires. Here are double-thick non-skids. Reason says they ought to save money. Legions say they do. And these tires, on sheer merit, now outsell all others.

You owe yourself a trial of such tires.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all that we know, after fourteen years, about cutting down tire expense.

GOOD  **YEAR**
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.
(961)



Nature and Necessity

Those who have ever hunted flats in New York know well that till a rental of five thousand or six thousand dollars a year is reached flats are incredibly cramped. Indeed, in a good neighborhood even a five thousand dollar flat is likely to be a tiny one.

Discussing this phenomenon, Professor Brander Matthews said at a luncheon:

"I remarked to a lady the other day: 'Why, madam, your dog wags his tail up and down!'

"Yes," she replied, "he has to. We are comparatively poor, you see, and Fido was raised in a five thousand dollar flat."—*Tribune*.

ONE of the big railroad lines has a regular form of reporting accidents to animals on its line. Recently a cow was killed and the track foreman drew up the report. In answer to the question, "Disposition of carcass?" he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

—*Our Animals.*

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No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. *LIFE* does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.



A.B.WALKER

FORCE OF HABIT

Beggar: WILL YOU PLEASE, SIR, GIVE ME TEN CENTS FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING?

Philanthropist: I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE CENTS IF YOU RAISE THE OTHER FIVE.

In Wrong

(A Little Medieval Thing.)

By a feudal castle strong,
In the sweet nocturnal air,
Sat a knight and sang a song
To his love, a lady fair,
Who was fast asleep
In the donjon keep.

"Surely you will heed my song,"
(All his chant was of this sort),
"Or I shall explode ere long,
With a deafening report,
(Not a help, I fear,
In a man's career.")

"Surely, darling, to the brim
You will fill contentment's cup."
(This he sang with such a vim
That he woke the lady up)—
"What's that noise?" she called.
Louder still he bawled:

"Surely you will be my wife,
Fill me with ecstatic bliss,
Beautify my empty life
With an eighteen-carat kiss!"
"Surely not?" said she.
"My mistake," said he.
—Thomas R. Ybarra in
New York Times.

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Fine Table Linens At "The Linen Store"

"The Linen Store" has always maintained the highest standard of quality in its Table Linens.

Our aim has ever been to give our patrons the very best values and to afford them the widest possible choice in designs, sizes and styles.

It is this policy which has brought Mother, Daughter and Granddaughter to our counters during the past fifty-seven years.

Among the latest patterns are the "Celtic," "Lotus and Poppy," "Greek Key and Block," "Empire," "Olympic," "Athenian," and "Laurel with Lattice." Prices range:

NAPKINS, \$2.00 to \$75.00 per dozen.

TABLE CLOTHS, \$2.50 to \$60.00 each.

Mail orders receive our prompt attention.

James McCutcheon & Co.,
5th Ave. & 34th Street, N.Y.



No friend like an old friend

CASCADE PURE WHISKY

Mellow with age — its first friends are friends to-day.

Original bottling
has old gold label.

GEO. A. DICKEL & CO. Distillers
Nashville, Tenn.

\$2,000,000 Buried

By R. E. Olds, Designer

In Reo the Fifth, we bury at least \$2,000,000 a year where few men ever see it.

That's somewhere about \$200 per car.

It is not merely hidden. It is spent on extremes—on over-caution, some way.

And it may take months—even years, sometimes—to discover all that this buried money buys.

Not Charged to You

This hidden cost is not added to your bill. The price of this car will show that.

We save it all—and more besides—by unusual factory economies.

In one way alone—by building only one model—we save about 20 per cent.

By not changing models in any radical way we save a great deal more. That comes from right designing.

We build all our own parts.

And our factory efficiency is so well known that engineers from everywhere come here to inspect it. Magazine articles have been written about it.

That's the whole reason why a car like this can be sold for \$1,095.

You Get Twice What You See

In Reo the Fifth you see a beautiful car—roomy and rich and impressive.

The body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is luxurious. Every detail shows the final touch.

Flush electric dash lights instead of the side lamps. Nickel trimmings even under the hood.

But don't judge a car by these showy externals. That's mere body-building—easy, usual and cheap.

What to Consider

The chief points in a car are endurance and safety. And those depend largely on steel.

So I have steel for each part made to my formulas, based on 26 years of experience. Then I analyze each part—analyze it twice—to prove its accord with those formulas.

Then I give each important part vast overcapacity. I employ the same tests as are generally used for a 45 h.p. engine.

Instead of steel castings, which cost half as much, I use in this car 190 drop forgings. Thus hidden flaws are avoided.

Roller Bearings

I might say Timken bearings and use only two. But I use them for endurance, not claims.

There are no ball bearings in Reo the Fifth, save in the clutch and fan. There are 15 roller bearings. The usual ball bearings would cost one-fifth as much.

I use a \$75 magneto.

I use a centrifugal pump.

My carburetor is double heated

—with hot air and hot water. That saves a world of trouble.

I use 14-inch brake drums. I use 2-inch, 7-leaf springs.

Tires 34x4

This car is vastly over-tired, and tires, as you know, are expensive.

I spend on tires about \$60 per car more than other experts think necessary. But nobody doubts that I save my users from three to five times as much.

Then my tests and inspections

are immensely expensive. I test my gears in a crushing machine with 50 tons' capacity. I test my springs in another machine, for 100,000 vibrations.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks, and 28 hours in the chassis. I use three 10-hour tests which are very unusual.

Each car in the making gets a thousand inspections.

Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness. And our output is limited to 50 cars daily, so no man is ever rushed.

Ideal Center Control

The leading cars, as you know, have come to left side drive. Also to center control.

But center control, in Reo the Fifth, doesn't mean the old side levers moved to the middle.

Our center control is a sort of cane handle. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle only three inches in each of four directions. It's as easy and simple as moving the spark lever.

No reaching, no levers in the way. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. Thus both front doors are clear.

The driver sits on the left hand side, close to the cars he passes. Yet his right hand controls the car.

This exclusive feature costs nothing extra. But if it cost \$100 men would pay it, I believe.

My Idea of a Car

This is my idea of an honest car. It is the final result of 26 years spent in building cars.

I would not buy a car built otherwise myself. So I shall never build one.

My success is due to these extreme ideas. So are my legions of friends among motor car users. This year I am seeking for 10,000 more such friends.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our 1913 catalog and we'll give you the address of the nearest.

Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
\$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base — 112 Inches
Tires — 34x4 Inches
Center Control
15 Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
Three Electric Lights
190 Drop Forgings
Made with 5 and 2 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for \$100 extra (list price \$170).

R. M. Owen & Co.

General Sales Agents for

Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.
Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

LIFE.



Beyond the Dreams of Avarice

The man who dumped a basketful of banknotes on his fire for kindling set an extravagant pace for wealthy spenders. He was fairly outdone, however, by the financier of whom it is told that he was so rich that he never used a motor-car more than once, had a gold-topped hat, wore seventeen fancy waistcoats at a time, and his house was a perfect revelation.

He was now in the act of showing its wonders to a friend.

"This mirror," he murmured, "is worth a hundred thousand pounds."

"Wonderful!" gasped the friend. "But what a pity it's scratched!"

"Yes, it is rather," replied the multi-millionaire, carelessly, turning to his wife, "Martha, perhaps you'd better not let the children have any more diamonds to play with."—*Tit-Bits*.

Blue Sky Promoters

Blue sky promoters are men so optimistic where other people's money is concerned that they will promote not merely barren gold and silver mines, but the blue sky itself.

Postmaster General Hitchcock was talking about a blue sky promoter who had been convicted of fraud.

"This man's mine," he said, "reminded me in its scarcity of gold of the railway sandwich."

"There ain't no ham in this here sandwich," a man growled, seated on a high stool before the marble bar of an old-fashioned railway restaurant.

"Oh, you ain't come to the ham yet," the attendant answered easily.

"The man ate on a while longer. Then he growled again:

"There ain't no ham yet."

"Oh," said the attendant, "you've bit over it now."—*Tribune*.

Caroni the Ideal Bitters. Should be in every home. Send 25 cents for trial bottle. You'll be delighted.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrs.

Pearly White Teeth and Clean, Healthy Gums and Mouth

The daily use of this preparation polishes the teeth, while its fragrant, antiseptic foam reaches every part of the mouth—neutralizing tooth-destroying acids.

STRONG'S ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

comes in a handy metal box—nothing to break or spill—25c at your druggist—or sent direct.

"Use Arnica Tooth Soap and your teeth will look better—last longer."

C.H. Strong & Co. Chicago, U.S.A.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS -MADE AT KEY WEST-



And Then the Deluge

A young Canadian went to London last winter and was making a call upon a very pretty young woman whom he had met there for the first time.

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?" asked the young lady.

"No, darling," he answered, "at this season it always snows."—*Answers*.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"I thought I told you not to eat any porterhouse steak without my permission."

"So you did, doc; so you did."

"Then why are you disobeying my order?"

"This won't delay the paying of your bill, doc. This steak is being paid for by my friend here."

—*Houston Post*.

Beautiful Estate Near Boston FOR SALE

Situated in Chestnut Hill, one of Boston's loveliest suburbs, six miles from the State House. Grounds beautifully laid out in lawns and gardens. House contains Baronial Hall, Louis XV. reception room, billiard-room, library, smoking-room, dining-room and library, all finished in rare woods. Specially designed electrical fixtures; modern plumbing; nine master's bed-rooms, boudoir, six bath-rooms; hot water system of heating; air cooling plant; stable, carriage house, garage, gardener's cottage.

Terms to suit.

For photographs and full particulars apply to
JAMES D. GABLER, 311 W. 43d St., N. Y.

The Modern New York Drug Store

Our medical contemporary, *The Critic and Guide*, pays its tribute to the New York drug store:

Everything greets your eye, everything but drugs. A candy counter presided over by a natural blonde; then a perfumery counter presided over by a manufactured blonde, with a peroxidized mattress on her head; then there are umbrellas, flower pots, dictionaries and all kinds of bric-à-brac, presided over by a painted and powdered female; then there is the immense and inevitable soda counter, presided over by a pair of tough looking youths; then there is half of the store given over to tea, coffee, crackers and all kinds of patent nostrums and their substitute "just-as-good"; and last and least comes the prescription department pushed into a corner of the store, without any light and without any ventilation, in which a number of ænemic, overworked drug clerks make up prescriptions, giving the establishment the excuse for being called a pharmacy.

Pride

Mr. Temple Stanyon (says Dr. Birch) on some exigency borrowed a sum of money of Mr. Addison, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy and friendship, conversing on all subjects with equal freedom. But from this time he agreed implicitly to everything Addison advanced, and never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behavior did not long escape the notice of so acute an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened one day that a subject was started, on which they had before controverted; but now Mr. Stanyon entirely acquiesced in Mr. Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defense of his own. Addison was displeased, and vented his displeas-



The Perfect Dress Tie
The tie with the button-on tabs
The tie is anchored to the front collar button, the central and only proper place, thus positively centering the knot when tied. ~50 cents and better.
Sold at all good shops

Keys & Lockwood
New York



Life's one sweet song

when your old jimmy pipe, jammed with P. A., gets hooked up with a match!



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

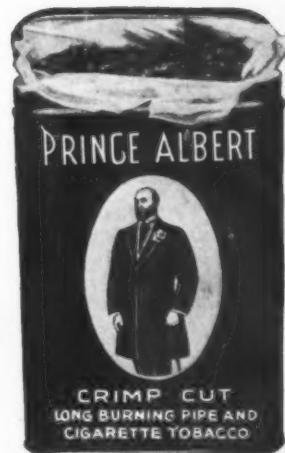
You hit up a jimmy pipe jammed brimful of P. A. and get a run for your money! Talk about pipe smoking! There never was anything like P.A.—so fresh and fragrant, so good! There's joy stored up for you in every grain of this bully tobacco—whether you light the old jimmy or roll a cigarette—every puff makes it more and more the tobacco that tickles the palate most! Your brand? Listen:

P. A. can't bite, because the patented process by which it is made cuts out the sting. Hence, it's one long joy pull—from first fire-up down to the sweet "heel"—this Prince Albert that has doubled the number of jimmy pipe smokers!

Get the idea while the Spirit of Spring is bubbling in your system!

The toppy red bag, 5c; the tidy red tin, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

P. A. in the
tidy red tin



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

ure, by saying with some emotion, "Sir, either contradict me or pay me my money."

A LITTLE boy, seeing a gentleman in the street, placed himself in a convenient place to speak with him; when the gentleman came up the boy pulled off his hat, held it out to the gentleman, and begged for a few cents.

"Money!" said the gentleman, "you had better ask for manners than money." "I asked," said the boy, "for what I thought you had the most of."

Applied Christianity

Because he had been a naughty little boy—a very naughty little boy—he was sent to bed without any pudding. But in the evening, when his brothers and sisters all were fast asleep, he crept downstairs, a tearful little white-robed figure, and, going into the library, said to his mother:

"Mumy, you told me never to go to sleep till I'd made peace with my enemies; so I've come down to forgive you and daddy for being so rude to me at dinner to-night."—*Tit-Bits*.

This Wooden Man Shows How This Razor Can Guarantee

500 Shaves from 12 Blades



**IF A WOODEN MAN CAN
DO IT, YOU CAN**

This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

This Razor Strops, Shaves, Cleans Without Removing Blade

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 368 Fifth Ave., New York. Toronto. London.

A Useful Job

The Montclair Free Public Library is indulging in a reprehensible process. They have inaugurated a sterilizing device by which they propose to destroy the germs that prey on books.

What should be done is to train these germs in the right direction, so that they will themselves destroy many of the books that are in our public libraries at present. We can conceive, for example, of an army of dis-

ciplined germs doing very effective work with some of our neurotic literature. If this idea could be carried out future generations might have a very much more worthy opinion of our present literature than the immediate prospect warrants, considering the permanency of type and paper.

BESSIE: What makes you think that he married for money?

JESSIE: I have seen the bride.
—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*

If They Were Alive To-day

**Being Reflections Inspired by Reading the
"Authors' Chit Chat" Department of a
Contemporary Literary Review**

Herbert Spencer, whose novel, *The Principles of Biology*, has gone through six editions in as many months, had some hair-raising experiences while he was collecting material for the book. On one occasion, while he was studying the habits of a litter of young angle-worms, he was suddenly attacked by a ferocious bull angle-worm, and succeeded in dispatching the beast only after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. "It is such touches as this, however," writes the author, "that go far toward making my book what I hope it is—a genuine human document."

Robert Browning, well known here as a writer of light verse, is said to be inordinately fond of oatmeal for breakfast. He eats it with a spoon.

Alfred Tennyson's publishers promise a new volume of his charming *Idylls of the King* for fall publication. Mr. Tennyson's methods of work are

unique. Having selected the title for a poem, he first takes a sheet of paper and lays it on his desk. He next draws his chair up to the desk and sits down. Then, taking a pen in his right hand, he dips it (the pen) in the ink and writes the first verse. When the first is finished, and not until then, he writes the second, and so on, until the poem is completed.

* * *

Thomas Carlyle, the Scotch humorous writer, has become an ardent motorist. He has named his new 40 horsepower limousine "Teufelsdröckh" after the hero of his successful *Sartor Resartus*.

* * *

The literary world is all agog over a recent revelation concerning the identity of one of our most popular writers. Our readers are, of course, familiar with that delightful little book, *The Mill on the Floss*, by George Eliot. It now appears, if certain recent dispatches are to be believed, that "George Eliot" is really a young English lady named Marian Evans. Miss Evans, who is an advocate of "Votes for Women," explains that she adopted this *nom de plume* in order to insure her book's being accorded the same treatment by the reviewers as would the work of a male writer.

Next month we shall publish an interview with Miss Evans upon the question, "Should artists marry?"

* * *

John Ruskin, whose *Modern Painters* led last season's best sellers, is



Prevented—Stopped

MOTHERSILL'S, after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by practically all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south, and many Transatlantic lines.

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hard at work on a new book, *Ethics of the Dust*. A friend of his who has read part of the manuscript declares that "it grips the interest right at the start, and holds it right to the finish. It is a fine tale; full of red blood and action, with a charming love story cleverly threaded through the intricacies of the plot."

* * *

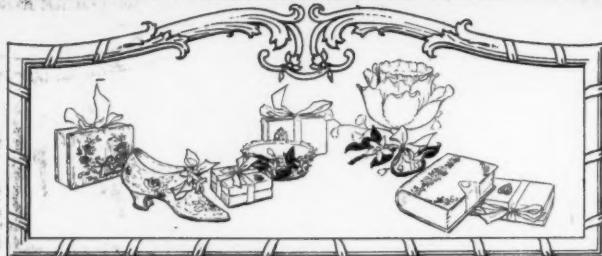
The author of *Arsène Lupin* is threatening suit against Charles Dickens,

the author of *Oliver Twist* on grounds of plagiarism. Mr. Dickens refuses to discuss the charges.

* * *

E. Allen Poe, whose recent controversy with the W. C. T. U. attracted widespread attention, has just published a volume of detective stories, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. A prominent critic pronounces it "the best since Sherlock Holmes."

D. T.



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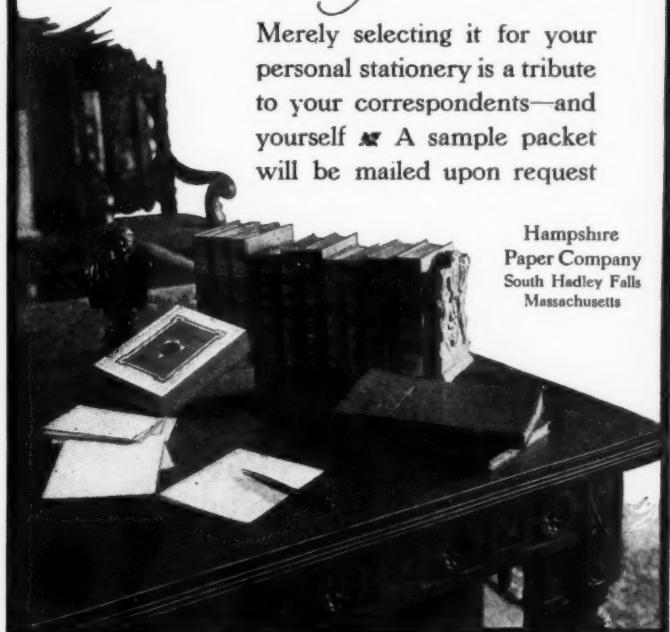
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Life's Musical Calendar

Tuesday, February 4, Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—Joint recital by the Rumford family; Clara Butt-Rumford, contralto, with baritone accompaniment.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Piano recital by David Sapirstein.

(Evening).—The Mendelssohn Glee Club in a programme of songs for male chorus.

Carnegie Lyceum.—Cello recital by Hans Kronold.

Wednesday, February 5, Metropolitan Opera House.—The season's first performance of Wolf-Ferrari's "Donne Curiose."

Aeolian Hall.—Concert by the Russian Balalaika Orchestra. An unusual combination of instruments distantly related to the mandolin and the guitar.

Thursday, February 6, Metropolitan Opera House (Afternoon).—Wagner's "Walküre." The second performance in the cycle of the Nibelungen Ring.

Carnegie Hall.—The Philharmonic Orchestra, with Germaine Schnitzer, pianiste, and a novelty by Max Reger.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Song recital by Minnie Tracey.

(Evening).—Concert by the Russian Symphony Orchestra.

Friday, February 7, Metropolitan Opera House.—Second performance of Massenet's "Manon."

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—Thursday's programme repeated by the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Saturday, February 8, Metropolitan

Vogue
announces its
FORECAST
of
Spring
FASHIONS

WILL BE READY FEBRUARY 9

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Opera House (Afternoon).—Début of Mr. Urlus, the new Wagnerian tenor, in "Tristan und Isolde."

(Evening).—Puccini's ever-popular "La Bohème," with a still more popular cast.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—Young People's Concert by the New York Symphony Orchestra: A programme devoted to the works of Richard Wagner, with explanatory comments by Mr. Walter Damrosch.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Second recital by Josef Lhevinne: An attempt to satisfy the insistent demands of a number of American citizens who really like to hear a piano well played.

Sunday, February 9, Metropolitan Opera House.—Regular weekly concert:

An occasion on which the attire of the performers is strikingly conventional and that of the listeners similarly respectable, the one phenomenon being due to the power of the law, the other to the force of Puritanical habit.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—The last of the regular series of Sunday concerts by the Philharmonic Orchestra. A programme devoted entirely to the work of French composers, with Edmond Clément, the tenor, as soloist.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Julia Culp, the Dutch contralto, and Cornelia Rider-Possart, pianiste, with the New York Symphony Orchestra.

Monday, February 10, Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Song recital by Paul Reimers.

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Dinner Code of the Amphitryon—His Rights

(*Amphitryon* is the Greek name for host.)

Art. 1. The Amphitryon is the king of the table: his empire lasts as long as the meal, and ends with it.

Art. 2. It is lawful for his glass to exceed in capacity those of his guests.

Art. 3. He may be lively with his male guests, and gallant towards the females; to such as are pretty he may risk a compliment or two, which is sure to be received from him with an approving smile.

HIS DUTIES.

Art. 1. Fulfilling to the utmost the laws of hospitality, he watches with paternal solicitude over the welfare of the stomachs committed to his care; reassures the timid, encourages the modest, and incites the vigorous appetite.

Art. 2. He must abstain from praising either his dishes or his wines.

Art. 3. He is not to take advantage of his situation to utter stale jests or vulgar puns. A careful perusal of "The Jest Book" will be his best security against a violation of this article.

Art. 4. The police of the table belongs of right to him; he should never permit a plate or a glass to be either full or empty.

Art. 5. On rising from table, he should cast a scrutinizing glance over the glasses. If he sees them not quite emptied, let him take warning by it to choose either his guests or his wine better for the future.

OF THE GUESTS.

Art. 1. The first duty of a guest is to arrive at the time named, at whatever inconvenience to himself.

Art. 2. When the Amphitryon offers any dish to a guest, his only civil way of declining it is by requesting to be helped a second time to that of which he has just partaken.

Art. 3. A guest who is a man of the world will never begin a conversation until the first course is over; up to that point, dinner is a serious affair, from which the attention of the party ought not to be inconsiderately distracted.

Art. 4. Whatever conversation is going on ought to be suspended, even in the middle of a sentence, upon the entrance of a *dinde aux truffes*.

Art. 5. An applauding laugh is indispensable to every joke of the Amphitryon.

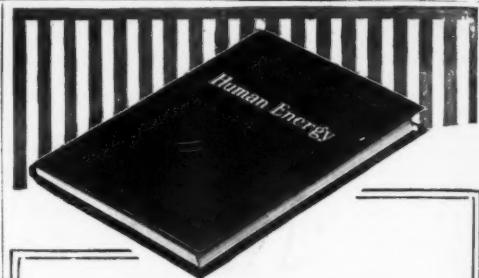
Art. 6. A guest is culpable who speaks ill of his entertainer during the first three hours after dinner. Gratitude should last at least as long as digestion.

Art. 7. To leave anything on your plate is to insult your host in the person of his cook.

Art. 8. A guest who leaves the table deserves the fate of a soldier who deserts.

ON VICINITY TO LADIES.

Art. 1. He who sits next to a lady becomes at once her *cavalier servant*.



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My book explains the laws governing right exercise—some of them for the first time. It shows clearly and concisely why a few minutes daily of movements scientifically directed to reach your internal organs—many of which are muscular—will do infinitely more for your health and strength than hours of random exercise.

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To the author of "A Plain American in England." "For the first time you have put the traveling American wise. Now that I have your instruction I can tip when I am in England like a man instead of a cringing coward."

HAROLD HOWARD..

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He is bound to watch over her glass with as much interest as over his own.

Art. 2. The gentleman owes aid and protection to his fair neighbor in the selection of food; the lady on her part is bound to respect and obey the recommendations of her knight on this subject.

Art. 3. It is bad taste for the gentleman to advance beyond politeness during the first course; in the second, however, he is bound to be complimentary; and he is at liberty to glide into tenderness with the dessert.

ON VICINITY TO MEN.

Art. 1. When two gentlemen sit together, they owe no duties to each other beyond politeness and reciprocal offers of wine and water—the last offer becomes an error after one refusal.

Art. 2. On being helped to a dish, you should at once accept any precedence offered you by your neighbor; ceremony serves only to cool the plate in question for both parties.

Art. 3. If you sit near the Amphitryon, your criticisms on the repast must be conveyed in a whisper; aloud you can do nothing but approve.

Art. 4. Under no pretext can two neighbors at table be permitted to converse together on their private affairs, unless indeed one of them is inviting the other to dinner.

Art. 5. Two neighbors who understand each other may always get more wine than the rest of the guests; they have only to say by turns to each other, with an air of courtesy, "Shall we take some wine?"

ON THE MEANS OF RECONCILING POLITE- NESS WITH EGOTISM.

Art. 1. The epicure's serious attention should be fixed upon the articles on the table; he may lavish his politeness, his wit, and his gaiety upon the people who sit round it.

Art. 2. By helping the dish next yourself (should you not dine à la Russe) you acquire a right to be helped to any other dish on the table.

Art. 3. A carver must be very skil-

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Restores Youthful Expression and Beauty

When the skin and muscles of the face lose their elasticity, the face sags all out of shape, nose to mouth lines, lines about eyes, mouth and forehead, and double chin appear, and tissues become flabby. The skin of the neck looks withered and yellow and deep lines form.

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How much longer are *you* going to endure treacherous, costly pneumatic tires on your electric—or hard-riding, jolting, solid rubber tires?

Easy Riding

No tire can be more comfortable, more resilient, more easy-riding than the Motz. *They ride like air.*

Note their patented construction. Note double, notched treads (A in picture), which prevent skidding and distribute the weight to the sides. The sides are undercut (see B), which allows free action of slantwise bridges (see C). These bridges are elastic. They give and yield like the air in a pneumatic tire. Note D in the picture, showing shock-absorbing qualities when tire runs over a stone.



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ful who cannot, by a little sleight-of-hand, smuggle aside the best morsel of a dish, and thus, when serving himself *last*, serve himself also the *best*.

Art. 4. Your host's offers are sometimes insincere when they refer to some magnificent dish yet uncut. In such cases you should refuse feebly for yourself, but accept on behalf of the lady next you—merely out of politeness to her.

Art. 5. The thigh of all birds, boiled, is preferable to the wing: never lose sight of this in helping ignoramuses or ladies.

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A GOOD FRIDAY

LIFE.

Rhymed Review

The Roses of Crein

(By Beryl Symons. D. Appleton & Co.)

His helmet tossed a scarlet plume;
Upon his silken surcoat yellow
Three roses blushed in crimson bloom;
His mail was black; a lovely fellow

Was Bertrand, knight of gay Provence,
The Count of Crein, his designation.
A single combat, à l'outrance.
Was his idea of recreation.

O'er ways that cautious people shunned
He rode, composing songs like Shubert,
Conveying Lady Rosamunde
To be the bride of old Count Hubert.

He proved a knight without a peer,
Adept in swordplay, strong and supple;
Like Lancelot and Guinevere
They fell in love, this roving couple.

But Fate, alas, doth oft trepan
Poor hearts that love each other madly;
She wed the Count of Gervaudan,
And Bertrand acted very badly.

But now began the dark crusade
Of Rome against the Albigenses,

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Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by ageing in wood before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

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In addition to the baths, you will find at this magnificently appointed, yet homelike hotel, everything that can possibly make a resort attractive—delightful surroundings, brilliant social life, military and naval activity; delicious and appetizing Southern cooking and service that is perfect. Remember that the Chamberlin is located right on Hampton Roads at Fortress Monroe—easily and quickly accessible from all points by sea or rail.

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And Bertrand drew his trenchant blade

To guard his country's weak defenses.

Oh, well, he fought that awful day
When fierce fanatics, bent on slaughter,

Overwhelmed the walls of proud Beziers,
And human blood was poured like water!

He saved again and yet again
His lady—brave, despite her pallor—
And butchered heaps and heaps of men,
Performing Prodigies of Valor.

Dear old Count Hubert fell in fight,
'Mid scenes that shock the fair narrator;

His widow mourned him half a night,
And married Bertrand somewhat later.

When ladies write Romance—I'm told

By one who's made the thing a study—

They make their heroes extra bold
And make their carnage extra bloody.

Arthur Guiterman.



The Man who put the E's in FEET.

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"I like to knock about London alone," he said, "studying the places of historical interest; and I remember with particular pleasure a good deed that I performed at one of London's historic landmarks for a Chicago woman."

"It was a rainy fall day, and I sat over a beefsteak pudding and a mug of bitter at the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street.

"The Chicago woman entered, Boswell's 'Johnson' in her hand. The Cheshire Cheese was, you know, Johnson's favorite tavern, and the woman had been told that the great man's autograph could still be seen penciled on one of the walls.

"The waiters told her they knew of no such autograph; but the woman, with dauntless Chicago spirit, began a long, long search, upstairs and down.

"While she was upstairs a warm glow of benevolence suddenly rose up in my breast, and, taking a pencil from my pocket, I wrote with quaint eighteenth century flourishes on the wall behind me, 'Sam Johnson.'

"The woman on her return from upstairs spied the autograph and was overjoyed. Is it not amazing how much happiness we can give to others by these little acts of kindness?"—*Tribune*.

Same to You

Heartiest congratulations to LIFE on its thirtieth birthday, which it celebrates with the current (Jan. 2) issue!

A good deal has happened to the world in thirty years, and a good deal has happened to LIFE. What we are particularly interested in among the



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V. O. S.

GOLD ARMOR WHISKEY

A blend of straight Bourbons, one selected for its aroma, another for its body and a third for its flavor, and all taken from my own family's collection of rare old Bourbons—so harmonized as to produce that exquisite bouquet, the eternal quest of the connoisseur. Undoubtedly an ideal in whiskey, but if you don't find it so you can have your money returned.

Sold only by mail, 4 quarts \$6. Send check or use your business stationery. Express prepaid.

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things that have happened to LIFE, however, has been that it has kept the faith. It has been true to itself—and hence it follows as the night the day that it has not been false to any man—or any conviction.

Moreover, it has proved that this policy is highly profitable.

LIFE has made plenty of mistakes, of course. It makes them in every issue. It has certain notions that will test out pure crankism, and analyze 99 1/4 per cent. bonehead. Its editor gets stuff

into it about vivisection, vaccination, etc., that he couldn't pay enough to get into LIFE if anybody else were editing it. And we have disagreed with it, privately, often and often, and think it foolish and even silly about a thing or two. But we have never ceased to respect it or to honor it. It is free, it is frank, it is brave—and these things in journalism have not been so common that it is not a duty to commend them where they undeniably exist.

—Duluth Herald.

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"The trusts are doing away with competition and when competition, with its ill feeling, vanishes, the world will be a better place."

The speaker was William Dean Howells. He continued:

"But the trusts deserve no credit for working toward this good, for the trusts' motive is evil. The trusts, indeed, treat the public as the tramp treated the golfer.

"My good man," said the golfer in anxious tones, "have you seen a golf ball hereabouts? It's my last ball, and if I lose it I shall have to give up my day's game and return to town."

"The tramp, a villainous looking individual, answered:

"No, boss, I ain't seen no golf ball, but I've got one in my pocket that I brought from home what I don't mind sellin' you for a couple of dollars."

—Tribune.

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Books Received

The Dream Imp, by Harriet Lyle Sefton. (Bickers & Son, Ltd., London, Eng.)

The Gates of Day, by Mary H. Peabody. (The Trow Press.)

Blueta and Other Poems, by Mary A. Buttles. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

Memory and the Executive Mind, by Arthur Raymond Robinson. (M. A. Donohue & Co.)

Letters to a Young Lawyer, by Arthur M. Harris. (West Publishing Co.)

Stonefield Silhouettes, by Cornelia Minor Arnold. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

Uncle Sam: A Tale of Rural New York, by Louise C. Case. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

Luda, the Occult Girl, by Julia Webb Mays. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

The Dreamer, by Annie Nathan Meyer. (Broadway Publishing Co.) \$1.00.

Betty Corbin, by R. H. M. Fillebrown. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

The Elements of Character, by Josiah Morse, Ph.D. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

Birthday of the Twenty-Third Psalm, by Eli Barber. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth, by Isabel Gordon Curtis. (F. G. Browne & Co.) \$1.25.)

My Little Sister, by Elizabeth Robins. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$1.25.)

The Happy Warrior, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.35.)

The Crock of Gold, by James Stephens. (The Macmillan Co.) \$1.25.)

The Motto of Mrs. McLane, by Shirley Carson. (Geo. H. Doran Co.) \$1.00.)

The Red Hand of Ulster, by G. A. Birmingham. (Geo. H. Doran Co.) \$1.20.)

The Browns, by J. E. Buckrose. (Geo. H. Doran Co.) \$1.25.)

Lucky Pehr, by August Strindberg. (Stewart & Kidd Co.) \$1.50.)

Auction of To-Day, by Milton C. Work. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) \$1.25.)

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